

THE AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE

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July, 1904



Volume VI

PUBLISHED BY
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Number 7

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The Automobile Magazine

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CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1904

THE ABILITY OF M. A. D. SMITH	Kenneth Lockwood
OVER CUBAN ROADS	Ursula Gonzales
AS TO ACETYLENE	P of. James L. Henshaw
HOW ATHELING RODE TO DINNER	Marstyn Pollough Pogue
TOO IGNORANT FOR ANYTHING	Eunice Beverley
THE AUTOMOBILIST AS AN ENEMY OF SOCIETY	A. B. Tucker
WHAT BOAT TO BUY	R. B. Waterman
WHEN BATTERIES WEAKEN	E. X. Ideman
AUTOMOBILE'S NEW MIDSUMMER PARADISE	Robert Bruce
MAINLY ABOUT MEN AND MOTORS	"The Senator"

Published Monthly by

THE AUTOMOBILE PRESS, ONE MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK

Telephone: 984 Cortlandt

Cable Address: "Loceng," N. Y.

ANGUS SINCLAIR, President

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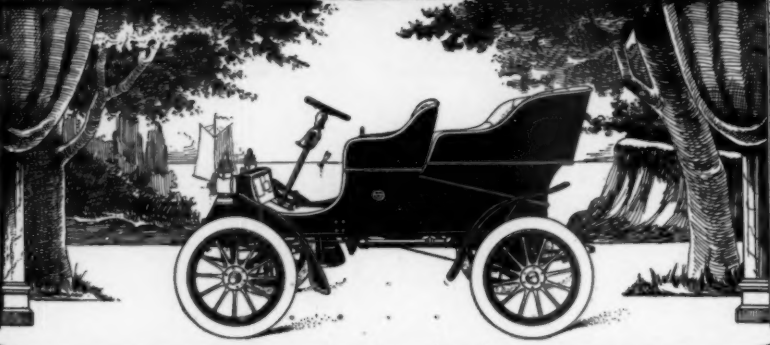
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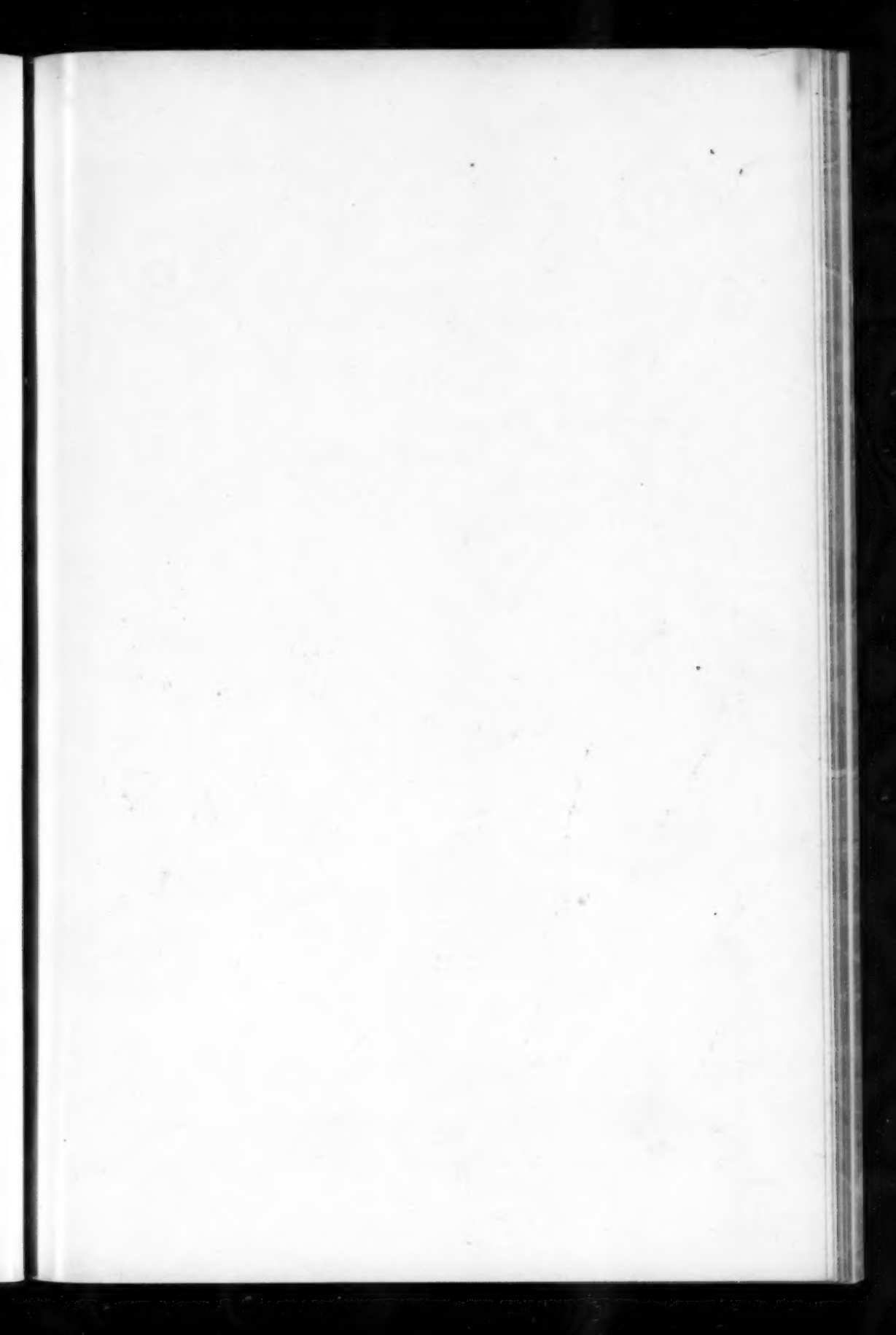
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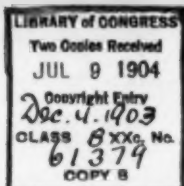
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JULY, 1904

No. 7

The Ability of M. A. D. Smith

By Kenneth Lockwood

MARCUS ALONZO DEGOURNEY SMITH, or "Mad" Smith, as he affectionately is termed, knows how to run an automobile. His skill has not come to him after a long course of diligent study; he acquired it spontaneously. It came like those inspirations which make great poets. Marcus invited me to ride with him one day and, having heard of his wonderful skill and wishing to see it for myself, I consented. Marcus assured me that I would be perfectly safe so far as his end of the arrangement was concerned, but—well—the roads were pretty bad in some parts of the country. When he informed me of this fact I wished to withdraw my acceptance of his kind invitation. But Marcus would not think of it.

"Oh, no, deah boy," said he. "The woads"—it hurts Marcus to pronounce the letter "r"—"may be bad, but my supewioah skill quite balances that."

"Indeed!" I observed—Marcus is so blessedly confident—and modest!

"Yeth," he said. "You will be quite safe with me."

"You will keep to the best roads, of course?" I asked.

"Oh, yeth," he replied. "I know them all."

"Supposing we go around the shore road," I suggested.

Marcus has a perfect passion for the seashore—once he was the only man at

a seaside summer resort, and in rare bursts of confidence he has told me something about his experiences. I mentioned the shore road because I think it is better to run into sand or water than it is to butt trees and stone fences—and people. Marcus, however, did not fall in line with my thought.

"Wight, my boy," quoth he. "Theah is no place in the univewse like the seashoah. I wemembah one summah—"

But I recognized the trail and hastened to head him off.

"Yes," I said. "Such lovely scenery—the breakers and all that sort of thing. Let's hurry."

"Suah thing. Climb in. All wight."

We started off in great shape with a "We'ah off!" from Marcus. I shortly found that he had not underestimated his ability, for only a man with infinite skill could have gone as close as he did to the surrounding landscape without chipping pieces off of it. I complimented him upon his ability after he had shaved the moss from a rock which laid along the road, and he blushed becomingly.

"Yeth," said he, "it is pwetty good considewing that I have only been at it six weeks."

Well, thought I, in a week more he ought to be able to kill somebody.

"Yeth, that's what I'm twying to do," he remarked abruptly, as if answering my thought.

"You'll do it if you keep on at this rate," I observed.

"Do you weally think so?" he asked. "I'd give anything if I could."

Such coldbloodedness in Marcus Alonzo Degourney Smith was startling.

"See here, 'Mad,'" I exclaimed, "I'm not particularly chicken-hearted myself, but I'll be damned if I like to hear you talk so heartlessly——"

Marcus was surprised.

"Haht—why what do you mean?"

"What you said about killing a man."

"My deah boy," he declared in an aggrieved tone, "I nevah said anything about killing a man!"

"You didn't?"

"Of coase not."

"I beg your pardon, then."

"And if I do say it myself," he continued, "I think I am getting——"

We flew around a curve at a speed which tilted the automobile to an angle of seventy degrees. It was the last straw; I resolved then and there that I wouldn't ride another hundred feet with Marcus Degourney Smith. And just then a big black mule trotted out onto the road. There was plenty of time for him to cross, but broadside on and squarely in the middle of the road he stopped. We also stopped—that is, the machine did. Marcus and I continued moving for about twelve feet. We were brought up short by the mule, whose broad side acted as a barrier against our dizzy flight.

Marcus and I sat up and looked at each other.

"What did you do?" I asked.

"What did I do? Let's see! I think—I'm suah—Oh, hang it, what did I do?"

"I thought you didn't know what you were doing," I observed, scathingly. "I'm going to walk home."

"Oh, I say!" cried Marcus. "Get away, you bwute."

The mule, having no other employment, had fallen to licking Marcus' bald head and Marcus resented the action.

"Shoo!" he said. Then to me: "Now what is the use of walking? This won't happen again in a lifetime."

"I'm sure of that," I replied, for he'd never again catch me asleep.

But Marcus entered into a long discussion regarding the advantages of riding in an automobile and the disadvantages of walking. He argued ably and at length. Finally he prevailed upon me to ride as far as the shore with him and I could return to town on the trolley. He declared that we would travel very slowly, if I wished.

"This time," said he, as we clambered aboard once more, "you—look at that mule!"

Mister Mule stood in the middle of the road calmly surveying us.

"Start the machine," I said. "He'll move quick enough."

But he didn't. He only put his ears forward when he heard the "puff-puff" of the auto.

"We've got to get out and dwive it away," said Marcus.

But he wouldn't be driven, either. We tried pushing him. He weighed a ton. We coaxed him with fine bunches of green grass. He sniffed at our offerings and succeeded in snatching some from Marcus, but he wasn't hungry enough to go after the rest of it. Marcus suggested Christian Science. He wouldn't be "scientized."

"I've got an idea," said Marcus, suddenly.

It quite frightened me. I had never observed the symptoms in him before.

"Really?" I asked. "How does it feel, old man?"

He entirely ignored my query.

"Yeth, just the thing. We'll build a fiah undah him!"

"But he won't like that, I am sure," I suggested.

"Deuce take his dislikes. Do you want to stay heah all night long?"

"Hardly."

So once more we got to work. Marcus shinned a tree and lopped off small branches, which I trimmed. I cut my finger, so did Marcus. Our hands were blistered and bruised. Marcus fell from the tree. But in spite of all the difficulties we got the wood. Marcus built a lovely little fire, with the sticks all pointing skyward and the paper underneath.

"By jove," I said, "old man you're an artist!"

"Oh, no," he exclaimed, "but I think I can build a pwetty good fiah. Give me the match, will you?"

"Match!" I cried. "Never carry them."

"What?" Marcus shouted. "You haven't got a match? Don't tell me that."

"Truth! But, I say, you're a smoker. Haven't you got one?"

"Nope—gave the last one away."

"Oh, Lord," I groaned, "and after all this!"—surveying my poor hands.

"Come on, let's look again."

We looked. We piled the contents of our pockets in the middle of the road. We shook our coats and felt in all the linings. No match.

"This is too bad," sighed Marcus. "You detty bwute—it's all youah fault, too."

If it was, the mule wouldn't acknowledge it. Once more we tried our persuasive powers on him, but in vain.

"We'll have to go back," said Marcus.

"Can you run your machine backward?" I asked.

"What do you mean?"

"You can't turn it around in this road."

Marcus groaned aloud. The roadway

was probably six feet in width, with a high embankment on each side, and the automobile—one of those long, low, rakish looking craft—was a good eight feet if it was an inch.

"What a woad!" Marcus moaned.

"And I'm a Selectman, too!"

"Well?" I asked after a minute.

"How soon must you be home?"

"Let's see," I said, looking at my watch, "it's five now. We can reach



Chairman A. R. Pardington in War Paint

home by ten. The walking might be worse. Of course I should like to see the seashore——"

"Gweat place—seashoah," said Marcus, as we locked the automobile and turned to go, "I remembah one summah——"

Chauffeuristic Drawbacks

"Faix!" protested the chauffeur, "an it's not so aisy, what wit' the levers an' a Frinch accent t' luk afther!"

Over Cuban Roads

By Ursula Gonzales

WHATEVER Cuba may not have, she does not lack good roads and plenty of them. The Spaniards left good highways, although somewhat out of repair, at the time of the surrender. These roads branched out in all directions from Havana, sometimes with a gap of a few miles, where repairs were badly needed. The Engineer Department of the Military Government filled in these gaps, repaired breaks, and built new roads. Cuba is indebted to General Lee for the new road from the Almendarez river to Marianao, built when he governed the province of Havana. On the Havana side of the river the road was built by the Engineer Department, and both parts taken together replace the old highway from Havana to Marianao, making the distance shorter by a mile or more.

The Cubans have not allowed the good work of their predecessors to be thrown away, and work of improvement is going on constantly, not only near the city, but twenty and thirty miles away, and even to the heart of the island. In almost any direction one may see piles of stone lining some part of the road and wayside camp of the laborers near by. So it is not scarcity of good roads that has prevented the use of automobiles.

A few days ago I was invited to go for an automobile ride into the country. The afternoon was perfect, the man in charge of the vehicle experienced, and our host delightful. We went west through the historic old suburb of Marianao, which was mentioned in history before many of our own cities were named, and along the old highway, "Callezada," as the Cubans say, which leads to the south coast. We hurried by many a plantation over whose iron gates the

name was given in iron letters, and whose house was just visible through banana groves or palm avenues.

Further on we sped through villages built along the highway, unpretentious, with no handsome houses—only the plainest of dwellings—leaving behind the region of handsome homes and signs of prosperity. The houses outside the little towns were "bohios," whose roofs and sides were thatched with palm leaves, and floors of mud, beaten and rolled smooth. The occupants ran to the doors and looked out in astonishment at the machine, which became but a speck in the distance while they watched. The poverty of these people is great, but they seem perfectly happy to live just as they do, which is fortunate, since they have no alternative. If the family mule or oxen die it is a calamity indeed, and one which is likely to embarrass very greatly the already slender resources of the household. In rural districts of America the majority of young men own a horse and buggy—their first savings are devoted to it in many cases. Here this is not so, and if the family or any portion of it takes an outing, it is in the lumbering family cart behind the family oxen or mule, after the labors of the day are done.

The horn kept the cartmen in constant alarm, most of them ignorant of what machination of Satan this might be. Where there was opportunity they turned their carts into byways and drove away at full speed—it made little difference that they were going far out of their way. One boy drew rein at sound of the horn and leisurely dismounted to learn its meaning. By the time he had done this we were within a few rods of him. Seeing us, he jumped up to his place with more celerity than I had ever

seen a Cuban exhibit before; as we passed he was clinging to the lines with all his might, though I feel certain that nothing short of an earthquake could have induced his steed to go faster than a walk.

A big covered wagon drawn by two mules hitched in the favorite way—tandem—made haste to give us the whole road, and in so doing lost a loose wheel. In the driver's mind the automobile was doubtless responsible for his misfortune.

The countrymen riding horseback dismounted from their ponies—many of which carried banners of produce intended for market—and stood at their heads holding the bridle with both hands. Neither ponies, mules, or oxen showed fear of the automobile; only the driver did that.

Finally we reached Guanajay, of more size than any of the other towns through which we had come. Going through the narrow streets and around the open square, of which every Cuban town of any size boasts, we came out into the open country again. The beautiful macadam road stretched straight as it could be made for more than a mile ahead of us, down a very steep hill, and up another equally so. For that distance the road was perfectly clear. We travelled like the wind, reminding me in no small measure of tobogganing in other latitudes. Up and down hill we went in the midst of the richest, most tropical vegetation changed entirely from that about the city. Up and down hill, more up than down, until we found ourselves well up in the mountains, which may be seen from Havana looking toward the west, but though a blue haze.

On the high point of the beautiful road which had become winding with the steeper grades, we stopped to climb on foot a hill by the roadside, and get a better view. The hill was private ground, so we had to crawl under a

strand of the barbed wire fence; then through high grass, amid which the *maja* creeps at will, and stumbling over *manigua* until the crest was reached. From this vantage point the Bay of Mariel, a few miles away, was distinctly seen—some miles back we had caught a glimpse of water ten miles to the north. The road ran like a silver thread



Her Motor Dust Rig.

winding through the valley beyond; far to the west rose the mountains about Bahia Honda, the United States' north coast coaling station, but we had no thought of pushing our journey that far. Indeed, it would be impossible to reach that point in an automobile, since a very rough road leads to it.

As we noticed the mountains, some

one spoke of the high price at which the owner of the land held it when he knew that the United States wished to buy it for a coaling station. He made profuse apologies and explanations to the American Minister for raising the price.

"You are right, replied the Minister. "Get all you can for it."

The man looked at the Minister very suspiciously, uncertain just how to take this remark. It may be added that the final amount agreed upon was far from that which he had asked.

All about us were the mountains with flat or peaked summits. Tobacco in a high state of cultivation was growing on one of the steep hillsides. We discovered an ideal site for a summer cottage "far from the madding crowd." High on a hillside back from the road were the ruins of what might have been a handsome home in days gone by. Below in the valley stood an ingenio, resting until the time of grinding.

The sun sank behind the mountains at Bahia Honda, and we returned to the automobile, which was now facing homeward, its acetylene lamps sending their light a hundred feet ahead. We found the heavy wraps which our thoughtful host had provided exceedingly comfortable. Night falls quickly in the tropics, and with it a chill in the atmosphere.

Over mountain roads until we were again in Guanajay, where the street and house lamps were lit. The street lamps in all the towns are suspended from posts, not upheld by them. Lights twinkled from the barracks, which have become the Boys' Reform School. The loungers on porches and in cafés gaped at us as we sped on into the night, as safe as in our own country. Here and there we passed a mounted rural guardsman patrolling the road. In this part of the island there is not as much need for them as in some others.

Now and then we passed a cart whose solitary lantern, swinging below the bed of the vehicle, was hidden if it was approaching us. Were the beast of burden a mule it heeded us little; were the cart drawn by a yoke or two yoke of oxen, the great dumb animals plodded along as stolidly as they had done in daylight. The mules drawing the "guaguas" trotted along briskly, their bells jingling. The "guaguas" were filled with passengers bound for various points along the highway.

Our lights shone on the overhanging ceibas, bleaching them to perfect whiteness, or they flooded a passing load of hay with light, making it like snow. Here and there a dog or a chicken ran out to dispute our right of way, though fewer than had done so in the daylight, or a small boy tempted Providence by standing in the road till we were all but on him. Groups of boys in the villages cheered for our flying carriage, and we left town with their shouts still ringing in our ears.

The stars came out, sounds of life ceased, and we alone seemed possessors of the world. Only the drone of the throbbing motor broke the silence. Gradually the land became more familiar, for we were nearing Marianao, and less than half an hour would bring us to the city—to Cuba's highest civilization. We had just seen her primitive life thirty miles away from the seat of the most modern of all conveyances.

Where His Courage Failed

He had rescued maids from drowning,
He had chased the grizzly bear,
He had marched away to battle
And had been heroic there.

He had faced the frontier bully,
No man ever saw him cowed,
But he didn't have the courage
To say "mecanicien" in a crowd.

A s t o A c e t y l e n e

By Prof. James L. Henshaw

IN the search for the perfect explosive for use in gas engines the possibilities of acetylene have in no wise been overlooked. Unfortunately it cannot be said that the great light-giving material has shown any evidence of filling the place now so supremely held by gasolene.

The material actually burnt in a gasolene engine is not liquid gasolene, but gasolene vapor mixed with air—a kind of “air gas,” in fact. The fuel is really air carburetted by being led over or through gasolene. Instead of admitting air to the carburetter it is quite easy to admit acetylene, thus preparing “carburetted acetylene” at the time of consumption, this mixture being mingled with the necessary proportion of air and then exploded in the cylinder as usual.

Now, French experiments have shown that four grammes of gasolene yield about one liter of vapor when suspended in air or acetylene at atmospheric pressure; so that if the calorific value of gasolene is 11,000 calories per kilo., that of its vapor is 44,000 calories per cubic meter as against the 14,000 calories of pure acetylene.

Thus, measured as gas or vapor, gasolene is three times as concentrated a source of energy as acetylene, from which it follows that the carburetting of acetylene should (as in practice it does) increase the theoretical or heat efficiency of the latter as a fuel, and the increase will be measured simply by the proportion of vapor added to the gas, which proportion can be regulated by hand, or will depend on the design of the carburetter. Since the acetylene issues from its storage cylinder under pressure it will drive itself through the carburetter, and no attention will be required beyond that of the valve on the gas tank.

There are, however, several other important advantages possessed by carburetted acetylene in comparison with the pure gas. When pure acetylene is mixed with ninety per cent. by volume of air and the gas is fired, the explosion travels through the mass at a speed of 33 feet per second; but when the inflammable portion of the gaseous mixture is carburetted acetylene, the explosion only proceeds at the rate of 10 feet per second. Both rates are capable of alteration by modifying the relative proportions of combustible gas and air in the mixture fired; but the speed of the explosive wave is always lower when gasolene vapor is present.

Within limits, then, it is evident that the slower a gaseous mixture explodes in an engine cylinder the better; because the faster it does so the more does it strain the metal of the engine, while the slower it does so the more time is available for overcoming the inertia of the piston and its appendages. Again, mixtures of air and pure acetylene are explosive in presence of a spark or light, if the proportion of the acetylene is between 3.35 and 52.3 per cent. by volume of the mixture.

Mixtures of gasolene alone and air are

Boston's Racing Chairman



Mr. William Wallace

similarly explosive only between the limits of 2.4 and 4.9 per cent.; and mixtures of carburetted acetylene and air are explosive between two or three per cent., and ten or twenty per cent. of the inflammable constituent.

Precise figures can only be given for carburetted acetylene of known composition, because the higher limit of explosibility is reduced according to the proportion of vapor in the gas.

Now, the greater the distance between the lower and the upper limit of explosives—or the wider the “range of explosibility”—of any gas or vapor when mixed with air, the greater is the difficulty of designing an engine to burn it satisfactorily, or the greater is the fear that the mixture may explode prematurely.

The ideal engine introduces into its cylinder precisely that quantity of fuel which is necessary to perform the work to be done, and mixes with that quantity exactly the amount of air which is required to consume it perfectly (and no more). Such exactitude is scarcely to be attained in practice, especially in portable engines like those in an automobile; and, therefore, that fuel is preferable which is least likely to give trouble if the proportions between it and air are improperly arranged. In this respect, gasoline alone is the best fuel, but carburetted acetylene is only a little inferior, pure acetylene being far worse, and that is how the matter stands to-day.

Tapping's Cause and Cure

Sometimes it will be noticed that an engine, which has been running perfectly, will begin to give forth a slight tapping sound. It is not sufficiently pronounced to be called a knock, and very often it will puzzle you to know what causes it. You are apt to, and you will, in the majority of cases, put it down to some slight peculiarity of the valves.

As a matter of fact, it is nothing of the kind, but is due to very slightly premature ignition. Of course, when an engine begins to labor with the ignition too far advanced, there is no doubt whatever as to the cause of that thumping; but the comparatively light tap caused by only very slight premature ignition is not usually recognized as the first symptom of too advanced firing. It will be found that this tapping invariably occurs when some slight increase in resistance, either through an up-grade or traffic slack, causes the engine speed to be momentarily reduced. When this transpires the retarding of the ignition by a notch or so will on all cars provided with a moderately delicate ignition regulation put the matter right at once.

When Things Go Wrong

When things go right we can be good
To keep a pleasant, cheerful face,
For other folk to have regard
And grant requests with smiling
grace.
Sometimes fate knocks a man around
And scourges him with double thong—
It's not so easy, I have found,
When things go wrong.

When things go right we can agree
With any one on any thing.
There's good in all that we can see
And joyous are the songs we sing.
But leaden grow the dancing feet,
We have to sing another song
And trouble sours our little sweet
When things go wrong.

When things go right we can be good
And all the Christian virtues show—
Do unto others as we would
Be done by—seeds of kindness sow.
Still, all my praise I will reserve
For him who, battered hard and long,
Still keeps his temper and his nerve
When things go wrong. —P. L. R.

How Atheling Rode to Dinner

By Marstyn Pellough Pogue

THE Lannes-Piessy road race, one hundred kilometers, was run on the tenth of September. Guilbert de Mayade, in a light 35 H. P. French vehicle, won the race, covering the one hundred kilometers in one hour. Atheling, the American, driving his 25 H. P. American-built *voiture legere*, finished second, only a few meters behind the fast-flying Frenchman. An 80 H. P. French car with 38-inch wheels equipped with 5-inch tires, a very heavy car, was third, closely following the American, and a big English touring car was a good fourth.

With a jarring roar and the rush of a flying express train the four cars, reeling and lurching, dashed across the finish line. Through the blurring dust-haze Atheling could see Mayade's car dimly looming. Ecstatic, sensuous delight in the high speed filled Atheling. Delicious excitement warmed his heart and thrilled him like old wine or the kisses of a charming girl. With head and shoulders bent over the steering wheel, he held steady the swaying car, while his heart beat hot with enjoyment.

"Allez a droite," de Mayade shouted, flourishing his right arm. His voice was lost in the barking of the unmuffled engines, but Atheling understood his gesture. Throttling the mixture, pushing back the spark advance lever, and depressing the clutch pedal, the American twisted the wheel. The wagon slewed to the right and slid a couple of hundred meters up the village street before her momentum lessened. Atheling applied the brake, and the car stopped in front of the Inn of the Good Fire, the Clean Hearth, and the Merry Woman. Atheling shoved over the cut-out switch, sprang from the car, raised his goggles, pulled out his tobacco bag and

a packet of cigarette papers, and rolled a very large cigarette. His mechanic straightened himself from the position he had adopted to lessen wind resistance, took off his mask, opened the engine bonnet, and began to inspect the four-cylinder motor. One of the hotel servants brought out Atheling's lamps and fitted them on their bracket irons.

A large *voiture* with a limousine body painted yellow rushed past followed by a cloud of dust. The driver's face was covered by a red beard and a large mask.

Within the limousine sat a very beautiful young woman in a bronze tweed suit and a gray felt hat with a wide flat brim and a leather band with two rings and a latige strap instead of a buckle. As the car swept past Atheling's wagon the American raised his cap and nodded to the girl.

"Where the devil is Nellie Kerr going?" he asked himself. He was surprised.

The girl raised one of the windows and tossed out a heavy buckskin riding glove with a fringed and bead-embroidered gauntlet, the kind of glove the daughter of an American cattleman would wear. The glove dropped into the tonneau of Atheling's car. Quickly Atheling swung open the tonneau door and snatched up the glove. He drew out a half sheet of crumpled letter paper which had been stuffed into the gauntlet. Upon it these words had been scrawled:

"KIDNAPED. TO BE HELD FOR RANSOM, PROBABLY. FOLLOW IF POSSIBLE."

Helen Kerr, * * * K.

Three Star K was the brand of the biggest cattle ranch in Texas. James Kerr, the owner, was the richest cattle-

man in the State. Helen Kerr was his daughter. Kerr and Atheling were old friends. Atheling had once spent six months on the Three Star K ranch.

Atheling stretched out his arm quickly and handed the note to his mechanic. "The fuel tank is almost empty," he said, "but by Saint Francis of the Hour Glass and the Sun Dial, there's a fellow with 'Garage Continental' on his cap, carrying two cans of something. I'll hold him up."

With a merry whoop he sprang upon a man who was passing with two large cans of gasoline. With two or three gestures full of meaning and a couple of sentences of rapid French, Atheling took the cans from the man and gave him a fifty-franc note.

"Start your engine, Burke," he shouted to his mechanic. Burke lifted the motor over the compression point, whereupon it began stabbing the air with its short barks. The mechanic released the muffler cut-out slide and the whirring, jarring, Maxim-gun-like rattle changed to a rapid-fire gasping.

Five minutes later Atheling's car slipped away down the street and rushed out of the town over the road which, swung north toward the distant mountain range. This road, which was white and wide and barred with the blue shadows of the tall Normandy poplars that stood up like green spires on both sides of the roadway, was the only road which led out of the town in that direction. The road slanted down a series of slopes varying from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. into a deep valley. The smoky-red September sun was slipping down behind the far-away sierras, and halfway up the long incline of the farthest foothill in sight, Atheling could see through his field-glasses the yellow limousine looming through its gout of dust, rushing toward the west and against the sun.

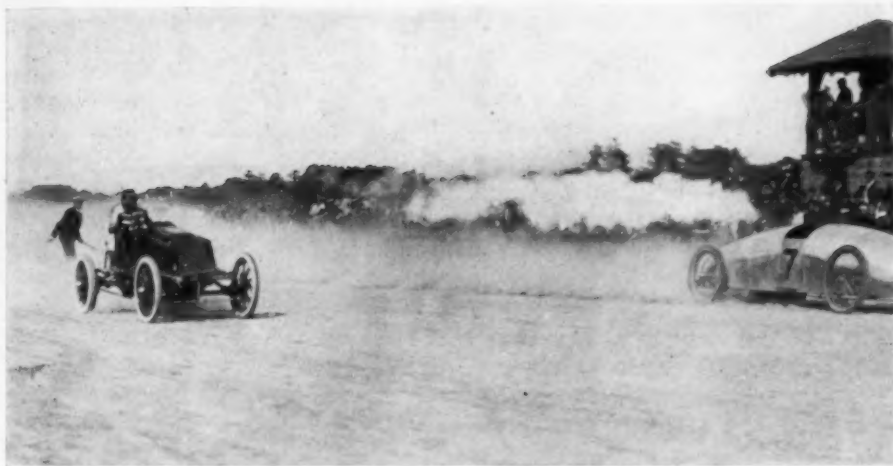
Atheling coasted down the hill with cheerful recklessness; the limousine, which was evidently a very powerful car, disappeared; the sun sagged down, the valley filled with dusky shadows; and from distant church tower came the soft pealing of the angelus.

The rear tires of the limousine were fitted with ridged leather protectors and left a trail easy to follow. The twilight deepened; the constellations arranged themselves in the purple sky; the moon raised a brassy rim above a dark hill slope of pine. Atheling stopped the car and Burke lit the lamps.

But eight or nine kilometers farther west the shadow of ill fortune darkened the road in spite of the great acetylene lamps that turned night into day. On an almost prohibitive grade one of the front tires was punctured. Atheling drove on without stopping; he knew his brakes were not powerful enough to hold the heavy car on such a steep slope. But before the car reached the top of the hill the crank shaft broke just inside the flywheel, close to the crank case. Cursing his evil luck, Atheling set his brakes and Burke sprang out and placed a boulder behind one of the rear wheels.

A big black stallion with a cavalry saddle stood on the left-hand side of the road, with his bridle rein looped around an iron fence post. The fence enclosed a garden which surrounded a white cottage.

For a few moments Atheling hesitated. He had no felonious tendencies. "Damn it," he said to Burke, "horse-stealing is not a cheerful business." Then a full realization of the dreadful plight of Nellie Kerr swept suddenly over him and overcame his hesitancy. He must rescue her if possible; at any rate he must do what he could. He took his Luger pistol and three filled clips of ammunition from the tool box and slipped them into a pocket. Then



THE STEAM ARMADILLO STEALING A START IN BOSTON RACES

he swung himself into the cavalry saddle and left Burke to settle with the owner of the stallion, if settlement was possible.

At a wild gallop, the big stallion extending himself beautifully, the American followed by moonlight the tire-trail of the yellow limousine. Within a few minutes he came to a plateau covered by a gloomy forest of spruce. A wide avenue, snowed over with moonlight and patched with shadows, swung in a great curve through the black forest. The trail of the limousine followed the curve and Atheling turned his horse into the forest roadway. Soon he passed through a great open gate of stone and iron grille work, with strange heraldic beasts rampant upon the gate-posts. A few minutes later he was aware of an immense chateau looming in gloomy majesty before him.

Lights glowed dimly through many windows of painted glass, and as Atheling swung out of the saddle in front of the entrance to the great hall of the chateau, he saw, in the asphaltum driveway fifty yards away, in front of another entrance, the dark loom of the yellow limousine. He drew his pistol from his

pocket, and strode toward the many-paneled oaken doors.

As he did so the doors swung open silently on their heavy brass hinges, and a man in picturesque livery emerged, carrying a flaming torch with which he kindled a pile of dry spruce knots in an immense basket of iron, a cresset, which hung above the doorway.

The fire leaped upward quickly among the resinous roots, and spread crimson radiance upon a group of ladies and gentlemen who walked through the wide doorway to meet Atheling, who hastily shoved his pistol into a pocket, and took off his cap, and stood petrified with astonishment. He was amazed to see Helen Kerr, Mr. James Kerr, Senior, her father; Mr. James Kerr, Junior, her brother; Sir Richard Blake, the Irish whisky distiller, and the Comte des Rencevalles, men whom he had known for many years. Helen Kerr laughed merrily at his puzzled look. Then he realized that he was the victim of a cheerful jest.

"My dear Atheling," said Blake, stepping forward, "we were expecting you here. Miss Kerr told us you were coming to dinner. But where is your car?"

And why are you riding Major Chamero's horse?" Blake swung around and called to a sun-browned boy in a Norfolk jacket of horsehide. "Come here, Fouilloy," he said. "Let me introduce you to my friend, Henry Atheling, whose name must be familiar to you. Atheling, this is the Marquis de Fouilloy, whose ancestral chateau this is. You

and he should have much in common. The Marquis has been an automobilist all his life. In fact, he was teathed on a spark plug, and spoon-fed on gasoline instead of pap."

"It gives me great pleasure to meet you, Mr. Atheling," said the Marquis. "It fills me with delight to know that you have come to dinner."

Too Ignorant for Anything

By Eunice Beverley

MR. PERCY MILBERTON, in the new steam runabout he had bought for \$175, marked down from \$1,250, was the picture of health and strength as he dashed up to the door where Miss Mabel Pumperton stood waiting for him. Percy assisted her into the vehicle, and sitting beside her, they were soon speeding away out to the rural districts.

"Mabel," said Percy, "this is the proudest moment of my life. At last we are alone."

"What is that clanking sound?" asked Mabel.

"Nothing that need worry you," said Percy. "This is a new machine, and a trifle stiff."

"But are you sure you know how to handle it?"

"Sure! I am positive. Why I have been practicing on the steam heater down in my cellar for weeks, and now that we are at last alone, let me say to you"—

"A dog!" cried Mabel. "You will run over him." Percy jammed the brake on so hard they both left their seats and plunged forward. The dog got away.

"What a narrow escape!" murmured Mabel as the fleeting form of the dog sped from sight.

"Nothing," said Percy, nonchalantly, as they continued on their way.

Mabel felt the seat beneath her growing hot.

"Do you notice how warm it is getting?" she said to Percy.

Percy slowed up and investigated. He could see nothing wrong. Once more he got in and started off. There was a fierce pounding, but no result. An ordinary government mule was an angel compared with this particular bargain automobile.

"Will you take me home?" said Mabel.

Percy turned red in the face while he hammered and swore under his breath. If that "storage sale" man who had sold him the machine had only been present.

"Nonsense!" he laughed, striving to conceal his annoyance. "She's resting, that's all. Don't we all have to rest?"

"Take me home!" said Mabel, hysterically.

At that moment there was a crowd around them of about a hundred, and it was increasing every moment. They went home in a hansom cab. On the way Percy said to Mabel:

"Dearest, I'm sorry that machine broke down, but will you be my wife?"

And Mabel replied, with a cold steel glitter in her eye:

"Never! Why, you don't even know any more about a woman than you do about an automobile!"

The Automobilst as an Enemy of Society

By A. B. Tucker

(Ex-Secretary National Automobile Manufacturers)

THERE is a decided feeling abroad in the community at large and in the ranks of the law enforcers in particular, that automobilists are criminals. We read constantly of more or less arbitrary arrests by the city policeman or the country constable, in the subsequent hearing of which by the city magistrate or the country justice, there is considerable rancor shown. We hear continually of police "traps" and new devices to counteract the efforts of "the devil-drivers." All operators of automobiles are considered to be in one class, and of the worst possible one, and are treated alike. It makes no difference if the automobilist is a man of property, or if he be a man of responsibility or a man of probity. On foot, on horse-back or sitting in his road wagon, he is regarded as a desirable member of society, and in every particular respectable. But the minute that he steps into his automobile, his whole nature changes as if by magic. He is then an enemy of peace and order and an ulcer on the body politic.

Palpably this cannot be true. Yet thousands of our every-day citizens believe, or affect to believe, substantially this thing. Whence arises this popular delusion? Is it on account of the attitude of the man in the automobile? Or in the mind of the man on the roadside? Is there any basis upon which it can be explained satisfactorily or is it a mere fantastic vagary of the mind? What proportion of the great body of automobilists give color by their actions, to such an hypothesis? In brief, is there anything on which to base the false conclusions arrived at by the public?

These are questions which must be taken up in the aggregate. Individual

citations will prove little in a broad way. But if individual opinions are taken, they should be those of representative men or at least of the men who have made a close study of the situation from the motor-car seat. In no case, are the views of a dyspeptic magistrate who has scarcely ever sat in a car, much less driven one, of half the value of those whose experiences qualify them to speak.

"I have been automobiling," said Dave H. Morris the other day at the Automobile Club of America, "since—well, practically ever since there has been automobiling. In all that time, I have never been even warned by a policeman, except once—and that was by a man who achieved some notoriety in Central Park by arresting sixty-six motorists in one day.

"I believe that if the police would direct their attention to the horse-drawn trucks of the city they would find a more fruitful field for endeavor. Anyone who has ever ridden a bicycle or driven a light vehicle, either horse-drawn or motor-propelled, knows how persistently the truck drivers trasgress not only the laws of common courtesy but even the rules of the road."

Mr. Morris expressed tersely what has been said by hundreds of prominent automobilists time and again. A canvass of the leaders among this class not only in New York city but in all the large cities of the country, would result in nothing but echoes of this sentiment. The list of a year's arrests for alleged violation of the automobile laws includes the names of less than five per cent. of the owners of motor vehicles, and in most cases it is found to be a mechanic, or chauffeur, or demonstrator, who has

fallen under the ban of the law. The vast majority of automobile owners have never seen the inside of a police court and most of them never will.

One has but to visit the drives and speedways, however, to see how closely the line is drawn between the horseman and the automobilist. There is a marked difference in the way the motorist is regarded and treated, as compared with the attitude of the police toward the horseman. It is fair to say that the horseman does not, as a rule, assume this attitude nor encourage it. But he is simply warned by the mounted policeman who thinks he is "going it too strong," with an upward motion of the hand, while the driver of a motor vehicle is stopped and interrogated sharply if not taken into custody at the first apparent violation.

One reason why this impression prevails is found in the publicity given by the daily press to these arrests. The tendency of metropolitan newspaper reporting is toward flattery of the police. There is a reason for this. The police are a prolific source of news to the reporters and are often on terms of the utmost friendliness with them. Therefore, to maintain the *entente cordiale*, the reporter is often constrained (not always, it is admitted, with a desire to pervert the truth), to tell the bluecoat's side of the story and let the defendant's remain untold. The newspaper is not governed by the same rules of evidence as the court, and there is not always as keen a sense of justice there as should prevail. Besides these considerations, there is a persistent search for novelty in news items, and the automobile has not yet become commonplace. All this applies even to the more conservative journals. For the more sensational papers there is, of course, an added reason.

Not only do the newspapers chronicle

an often one-sided case, but they devote unusual space to the narration of the details of trials of automobile cases in courts. Recently one of the leading dailies in New York gave a column and an illustration to the trial of a petty case of alleged Bailey law violation in a suburban town. Had this been an action where the defendant had driven a team of horses at too fast a pace it would never, in all probability, have reached the news columns of the paper in question. But because it was an automobile case, the entire details of the trial were rehearsed, even to the names of the jurymen, with sidelights on their vocations and financial standing, the comments of the lawyers, a pen-picture of the judges and what they said, and the verdict. Incidentally, it may be noted, that the evidence showed that the defendant had failed to find proper speed warnings, though he had looked carefully for them, and that he had come to a full stop to allow a horse-drawn vehicle to pass him within the prescribed limits. But he was fined, nevertheless, and took an appeal.

About two years ago a speed case in which the automobile under inquisition happened to belong to an actress used up column after column of the daily papers. And instances such as these are numerous. Such prolific accounts cannot but have the effect on the minds of the unthinking of prejudicing them against automobilists. And such prejudice does certainly exist.

The editors of the newspapers would probably say, in answer to all this, that they know best what news is, and that they print what the public wants. But it is highly questionable whether this "want" of the public is not an entirely artificial one and induced largely by the course the papers have taken in the past.

One great cause for the feeling



WILLIAM WALLACE IN THE RACING CAR WHICH TURNED COMPLETELY AROUND WHILE LEADING IN A RACE AT READVILLE

against the automobilist is found in the treatment they are accorded by the comic paragraphers and "artists." The illuminated and alleged "humorous" supplements of the Sunday papers are entitled to the premier honors in this respect.

Automobiles are shown boring their way through houses and hay-stacks and even through mountain ranges. They soar to the clouds and dive to the uttermost depths of the sea. The comic automobile always blows up after carrying its unwilling passengers through horrors without number, or dashes into some immovable body and becomes a shapeless mass. Of course, there is no hope for surcease from this sorrow. The fever must run its course. If it should prove to be as long lived as the mother-in-law libel and the goat-and-tin-can joke, the autoist has a long period of waiting in store before he achieves emancipation. The foreign humorous papers are, if possible, a shade worse

than the American product in this regard. But that some of our American motor trade and sporting papers should indulge in this sort of thing seems odd. It has been noted, however.

Two things are necessary to build up an enlightened public opinion with regard to automobiles. First, education—education by shows; by broadened and ever broadening literature; by chauffer schools; in polytechnic institutes and scientific centers of learning; by parades such as that held in New York on April 30; by club and general tours and endurance tests. And second, patience—patience in the driver's seat; before the police justice, testy though he be; when observing the comic papers; when reading the daily news and comment; when assailed by the jibes of the small boy; when listening to the remarks of the casual idiot or the motorphobe. A compound of education and patience will control this, as it will any situation under like conditions.

What Boat to Buy

By R. B. Waterman

THE rise and growth of the automobile and motor boat industries form one of the most striking chapters in the remarkable mechanical development which has taken place in the last two generations. In some respects this twin development has been absolutely without a parallel, as witness both the remarkably short space of time in which the land and marine motors have grown from the first crude conceptions to the present highly efficient condition, and the unprecedented rapidity with which the industries they have brought into being have assumed proportions of the first magnitude. The railroad and steamship required several decades to reach the mechanical completeness and financial and industrial importance which have been achieved by these two new forms of recreation in a few years.

With the thorough awakening of public interest in the automobile and the motor boat there has naturally developed a wide range of inquiry about styles, prices and the like, which shows that the question, "To buy or not to buy," is being debated at this moment by many thousands of Americans. The future of the sport in all its phases depends in a great measure upon the number and enthusiasm of these new recruits. To be won over, they must find the craft they desire within their means; and they must be satisfied with what they get for their money. With the large number and established reputation of the firms now embarked in the motor boat industry, it would seem that every reasonable requirement might be met, and a vast amount of uncertain procedure saved. Plainly, then, the education of the public in these things cannot come too swiftly.

The influence of the prices at which motor boats may be purchased upon the

new sport now growing up in our midst is a subject which seems never to have received the attention its importance deserves. In this as in all other pastimes, there is an intimate relation between the cost of participation in any sport and the popular scope of the sport itself. While—in the aggregate—many people are so situated as to be independent of financial considerations, the great majority are faced boldly by the question, "Can I afford it?" They answer this question variously, according to their several viewpoints; thus we have different styles and prices in about everything. Buying and selling second-hand craft is something to be reckoned with; and this branch of the business end of it will increase as the number of craft in commission increase, and as fashions change. For there are fashions in every sport under the sun.

So far the construction of motor boats has been to a very large extent a built-to-order proposition. Many of the present craft have been designed to fit special conditions, to serve an advertising purpose or for trial use. These things are well enough in their way—they are indispensable in the early stages of the industry; but on the new commercial basis to which we are rapidly coming, the exact cost of purchase and operation will more largely figure; and here, as already with the motor vehicle, that which offers the greatest value at the least price will achieve the largest prosperity.

The automobile boat bears much the same relation to yachts in general that a torpedo boat does to the navies of the world. Built for high speed and personal comfort, all other things are made subservient to these ends, though just now comfort is more apt to be sacri-

ficed than speed. Like the torpedo boat it is long and narrow, with fine lines, the keel sloping upwards to the stern to prevent the water being drawn away from the propeller. The craze for high speed has caused most builders of water craft to depart from the old-time standards, each striving to cut down weight, both in hull and engine, to the greatest possible degree compatible with reasonable safety. One of the results so far has been the egg-shell races, with high-powered engines and these, like the rowing shells, are good for but one purpose—racing.

This revolution in boat building will be the means of much ultimate good, for, like all radical departures, the aftermath will be a conservative result; neither the old nor the new, but instead the best of both, with more flexible scope. To the prospective purchaser of water craft the selection is as much a question of dollars and cents as is anything else in these times. For the same cost one can obtain different combinations, viz.: (1) a larger boat with small power, cheap construction, finish and equipment; or (2) a smaller boat, with larger power, better construction, finish and equipment.

When one has determined upon the size of boat, number of people to be accommodated and average speed to be maintained, then the main problem has been solved. The arrangement and decoration, the finish and equipment, may be made as expensive as one pleases, and this is largely a matter of individual taste. The selection of the kind of power should be made with regard to size of the boat and the locality where it is to be chiefly used. At present steam engines are employed on most boats over 75 feet in length,

but the rapid gains in automobile engines of large capacity make it difficult to determine just where the dividing line between the two is. The naphtha system, invented by F. W. Ofeldt, and made practicable about 1885, did much to arouse interest in power boats of small sizes. This system, with its later improvements, is still popular and at prices to suit all.

It is interesting to note in this con-



The Critical Moment.

nection that all the experimenting with steam engines with a view to obtaining river- and ocean-going craft was made on small boats, but these were discarded in turn for larger ones. The machine shops were small, the workmanship and machine tools crude, and the results were too heavy and cumbersome to be placed in trim, small craft. The Herreshoff Brothers, of Bristol, R. I., were the pioneers in American-built small craft, building a pipe boiler and a small engine suitable for pleasure launches.

Steam power requires more floor space, not only for engine and boiler, but also for the coal bunkers. It has also the objectionable features of dirt from coal and ashes, and the heat from boilers and cylinders. Owing to the weight of the machinery, it must be placed in the center of the boat, which is always the most desirable place for seats or a cabin. The naphtha system requires extra floor space for the boiler, which, for small boats, is quite an item; besides, there is the objectionable feature of the heat, which can not be overcome.

The gasolene engine is the best all-around power for a small craft, and it is free from the many drawbacks of the other types. It may be placed in the stern, where none of the heat is felt by those in the seats, and requires the minimum amount of floor space. The working parts are in plain sight, and one competent person is able to take care of the engine and steer at the same time. These engines are built in two different styles, namely, two-cycle and four-cycle. The former is usually employed for the small engines up to and including 10 H. P., and the simplicity of this type is greatly in its favor. In the two-cycle engine there is one explosion every revolution of the flywheel; while with the four-cycle (Otto cycle, so-called, from its originator, the father of the gas engine) a heavy flywheel is required for storing

energy enough to carry it over between strokes.

As in the case of the automobile, the acme of motor boat luxury is reached with the electrically-driven craft, but the dead weight of the storage batteries, and their limitations of capacity, make it applicable chiefly to distances of 25 to 30 miles, principally in the neighborhood of electric plants using direct current. There are on the market small units, consisting of dynamo, gas or gasolene engine and switchboard for charging batteries, at a total cost of \$400 to \$900; and where two sets of storage cells are employed, this system works to advantage, since one is being charged while the other is in use.

There are propellers whose blades are movable, the shifting of which causes the boat to be driven forward or backward; others where the blades are stationary, and by a system of gears worked by a hand lever, the driving shaft is reversed at will. The former method is generally used on the small boats, while the latter is usually employed on the larger sizes.

In motor boat construction, as in house building, the price is fixed principally by the material used and the kind of workmanship employed. There is nothing more objectionable than a leaky boat; besides the feminine members of the party go away with memories of soiled boots and wet, bedraggled skirts. Any cheap construction is apt to become leaky, for the lumber employed is not of the best selected material and the fastenings are probably iron, which quickly rust out. Cypress or cedar wood and copper fastenings last longer in the water and make for a tight, safe boat.

The next point to determine is where the boat is to be used, so that the amount of draft it will require may be settled. While a boat of small draft will do in deep water, the reverse is unfortunately not true. It is far easier to



RACERS AT CLOSE RANGE

build a craft for the water it is to be operated in than to dredge a channel for it. A boat with 4-foot draft, for instance, would be about as useless in three feet of water as it would be on dry land. They tell a good story at the expense of a Cleveland, O., yachtsman who was very handy with tools. He had some original ideas as to a boat's lines and

decided to build a craft for himself. The attic of his house seemed a good place to use for a workshop; so he secured the material, and in time built a beautiful hull. When done it was much admired by his friends, but at last accounts it still decorated his attic workshop. When ready to move it he found it would be necessary to tear out the side of the

house or take the boat apart in order to get it upon the ground and into the water.

Another very important matter is the cabining. Will it be an open boat, or will it have a canopy top? Will you cruise in it and want a cabin and galley, or just the cabin, taking your meals ashore? Then the matter of finish is of equal importance with some owners. Mahogany or teak, or other expensive material, while adding to the appearance and the cost, do not make the pleasure of the sport any more attractive to some; while to others these things are more important. More than one polished deck has been ruined by a "land-lubber" with his walking boots, when common yachting courtesy requires the visitor to wear rubber-soled shoes.

So many auxiliaries can be put into almost any style boat that the equipment of same may be followed out on purely individual lines. Perhaps the very best way to determine the price of a boat that will suit is to select the following items, or specifications, and then send copies to the different builders, who will gladly furnish estimates of cost and time of delivery: (1) length, (2) draft, (3) carrying capacity, (4) speed, (5) kind of power, (6) arrangement, and (7) finish.

The cheapest boat with a one H. P. gasoline engine, both crude, will be able to make three or four miles an hour; this type is often used by fishermen. It will hold perhaps a half-dozen people, is about 12 to 15 feet long, and costs in the neighborhood of \$200. A launch holding three or four persons, about 20 feet long, equipped with a 2½ or 3 H. P. gas engine, will cost between \$450 and

\$500. This boat will make 5 or 6 miles per hour; it is wide and roomy, and difficult to upset. A 25-footer, which will accommodate 10 or 12 persons, and maintain a speed of 5 or 6 miles an hour with a load, has an engine of 4½ or 5 H. P., and will cost between \$700 and \$800.

One thousand dollars will purchase a 30-footer, equipped with 6 H. P. engine. The large yachts with a length of 65 to 75 feet, which have a cabin and a galley, cost according to finish and size and speed of engine,

from \$5,000 upwards. It is difficult to compare a boat built for pleasure with one built for speed, as regards price, since the latter are nearly all "special orders," built under the maker's guarantee for speed, and are correspondingly expensive. The weight of boat and engine of the racing model may not be as much as the weight of the engine alone in the pleasure boat. The leading con-



W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Handling His Racer,
"The Hard Boiled Egg"

cerns build to order any style of craft that floats, from a dinghy to a torpedo boat, together with marine and automobile motors developed to the present moment in the progress of the hydrocarbon system.

The purchaser of a motor boat should beware of unknown or untried makes. It is far better for the intending buyer—particularly a novice—to take the safer course and get a standard outfit made by a reputable concern, than to purchase something which is recommended for its striking novelty, no matter how promising these points may appear. Buying a motor boat of unknown reputation is far more risky than buying a horse from a stranger. Particular caution should be observed when it comes to second-hand craft. During the next few months there will probably be a number of slightly used boats for sale, and while it may be possible to pick up a “bargain” from some one wealthy enough to buy a new one each season, the novice should beware of the craft with a past, unless he can get some one familiar with the business to help him make his choice from among those offered.

Ample proportions in motor boats as in automobiles produce an impression of generous value and general sufficiency; and perhaps there is more in this matter than a mere impression. It certainly affords an opportunity for disposing of all parts in a more accessible manner

then when everything is concentrated in the smallest possible space. However crude or rude it may seem, the average person wants quantity as well as quality for his money—proportions that do not seem to be stinted and dimensions that are not measured too niggardly; and somehow it is hard to quarrel with this liking when it is not altogether oblivious of other requirements. There is room for bold generosity of design in power-driven craft to harmonize with ample power and weight, and with that sense of importance of the prospective owner which we cannot altogether disapprove or disregard.

Just now everything bespeaks preparation—new craft everywhere ready for buyers, and throngs of customers eager to purchase. This is proving a good year for the progressive, forehanded concern with a stock suited to the needs of its patrons. The matter of cost aside, the pleasure of running a good reliable motor boat will be more than the money paid for it. The fresh air in one's lungs, the healthy tan from sun and water, and the relaxation from work, fit one for the constant battle of life. The more we live out of doors the fewer bills we pay the physician and druggist; and if the family be large and sickness prevalent, the money thus spent would soon buy a handsome water craft. By removing the cause, we guard in the best possible way against the effect.

When Batteries Weaken

By E. X. Ideman

EVEN in electric batteries there are no effects without causes, so when it becomes apparent that there is a falling off in the capacity of a battery the decrease can always be traced to some cause, and when a battery gives indications that something is wrong with

it, don't delay, take it out of the vehicle and look for the trouble.

There may be a dry cell, due to a leaking jar; sulphated plates, due to the battery having been run too low and not properly charged; the cells may need cleaning (and this trouble is always in-

licated by short capacity on discharge and heating very quickly on charge), and when a cell is cut apart the deposit or sediment in the bottom of the jar is found to be up to the plates, short circuiting them, or some of the cells may be short circuited, due to broken separators, says the Exide Battery Instruction Book.

If the trouble cannot be located by the eye, connect the battery in series, and discharge it at the normal vehicle rate by running the positive and negative wires either to rheostats or a receptacle filled with very weak acid or salty water. To the end of each wire attach a lead or iron plate, and by suspending them from sticks across the top of the vessel the flow of current can be regulated by moving them closer or further apart. If all cells can be reached, the battery need not be removed from the vehicle, but can be discharged by using the charging plug connected to resistance as set forth above.

As the discharge progresses, the voltage, as indicated by the voltmeter connected to the terminals of the battery, should be frequently read, and as soon as it shows a noticeable drop the voltage of each cell should be read with a low reading voltmeter, and such cells as read 1.70 volts or less, marked. These individual cell readings to be continued until all cells reading lower than the average are located. While the readings are being taken the discharge rate should be kept constant and continued until the majority of the cells read 1.80 volts. This discharge should be followed by a charge until the cells which read 1.80 volts are up, when the low cells should be cut out and examined for the cause of their lowness.

If the acid is low in gravity and the plates have a whitish appearance, and there is no mud or deposit in the bottom of the cell, the plates are sulphated.

They should be put back in the same solution and given a long, slow charge at quarter the normal vehicle rate. This will cause the gravity of the electrolyte to rise and the cell to come back to its full capacity. Continue this charge for forty-eight hours, or until the gravity of the electrolyte stops rising and the voltage is about 2.55 volts per cell. Then discharge at the normal rate, and if full capacity is not reached give another low rate charge. If the temperature of the cells gets too high (100 degrees F.) reduce the charging rate or stop charging for a time until the temperature falls.

As a rule, more than one cell will be found in this condition, and all of the weak ones should be grouped by themselves and charged in series as a separate battery. If there is not enough resistance in the charging rheostat to cut the current down to the proper point, use water resistance.

While a cell is being treated, the cover should be removed (the sealing compound can be loosened by using a hot putty knife) and not replaced until the cell is again ready for service.

Examine the Tires

It is an excellent idea to remove pneumatic tires after they have run a considerable distance. Once off examine the tires carefully and replace them with a sufficient supply of French chalk. When doing this do not be too lavish with the chalk, because if you are over generous in using it the chalk has a habit of working into hard lumps, which stick to the fabric of the tire, and will ultimately cause an abrasion of the inner tube, which at any time may develop into a burst.

A Rara Avis

"Any novelties this season?"

"Yes; I've found a racing man who doesn't want the earth."



IT is a legend among some of the simple country folk in northern New England that God made the grandest of hills and the finest of valleys far from busy towns, that the echoes of the market place and the jangling of voices might not disturb their eternal repose. Be that as it may, none will dispute that the grandest of hills and the finest of valleys are distant from metropolitan centers, but not too far away to be easily accessible to the tourist and nature lover in these days of improved and quickened means of transportation.

In a majestic pile, only one or two days' ride by automobile from Boston, or two or three days' from New York, are the White Mountains, than which no better outing or touring ground exists in all America to-day. All at once they have come into a new prominence. Like every other accessible locality with some special attraction to it, this section has been seized upon as a new kind of demonstration ground for the automobile and as quickly made a favorite rendezvous for its friends. The superb attraction at Ormond-Daytona, Fla., is its matchless beach, now the chief winter gathering place for both the record

breakers and the social lights of the sport; while the superb attraction in the mountains just now is the prospective climb up Mount Washington, destined to be the chief midsummer gathering place of sportsmen automobilists.

By a fortunate union of opportunity and progressive enterprise, one organization of men and means extends from Florida to New Hampshire, or vice versa (depending upon the time of year). Largely to Anderson & Price, bonifaces royal at both ends of this long line, are due not only these high-water marks of the automobiling year, but also much of the sound and sensible popularity which the motor vehicle has achieved within the past two or three years. Others have tackled the problem of making the automobilebody politic feel comfortable and thoroughly at home, when actually away from home, but none so generously, so steadfastly and so successfully as the proprietors of this string of hostleries reaching from the southern beaches to New York city, and thence into the northern mountains.

The missionary work that in two seasons raised the Florida tournament from an experiment to a permanent fixture is

just now being undertaken at Mount Washington; hence the liberal space and the large number of illustrations given to the subject in this issue of *THE AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE*. To many the White Mountains have been considered too far away for an automobile trip, or the roads up there too rough and steep—both of which suppositions are more or less erroneous. The whole section containing them lies within a 250-mile radius, by either road or rail, from Boston or Springfield, the two principal gateways into the North from the South or East.

As for the roads, they are on the whole better and no steeper than those in interior Pennsylvania or Wisconsin—which are never allowed to stand long in the way of a desired trip—while the highways around many of the mountains are as level as those on the prairies. There are exceptions, of course, Mount Washington itself a conspicuous exception; and here the deep-breathing, powerful vehicles that have never been allowed to show all they could do will have the chance to find out their limit under the most favorable conditions ever designed for such an event. The facts in the case have already been given in this magazine, and a report of what is done on Mount Washington this year will appear in due time; the present purpose is to thoroughly spy out the country. A good introduction brings knowledge and increases confidence.

There is something worth while coming to one who has never made a pleasure trip into the White Mountains in June or July. They naturally invite one from the noise and publicity of the world into their heart of solitude and rural delight. To the automobilist the charm of swiftly moving scene brings out the best that Nature affords, while a trip made this way gives you the opportunity to pass rapidly that which does not especially please or interest. The green

and whispering fields, the tumbling brooks and wood-skirted streams throw their influence over you, even if you are obliged to take them wholly on the move. Few of us but have felt the charm of forest and field, of solitary boughs waving gracefully in the rich sunshine, or drooping in the melancholy beauty of evening shadows. Here, when the nearer resorts begin to lose their interest, there is a sudden increase of freshness, greenness and beauty—earth coming to its full luster. The green of the trees expands into the foliage of Nature's tapestry, and the mellowness of the soft verdure after balmy showers is abundant in good cheer.

There is a misty sky and a moisty air as the Queen of the morning puts away the curtains of night from the window of her presence chamber and nods her customary welcome to the day gods who come trooping up the eastern way, hurrying on toward the realms of a waking world. In one of the pleasantest corners of that world, the natural beauties of central New Hampshire spread themselves out in all the brilliancy and glory of a New England summer landscape, made up in turn of majestic mountains and verdant meadows. You see it from lookout points up among the rocks; from glimpses down where the rivulets run to the river, and rivers take their measured courses seaward; from sloping fields and waving forests, touched at regular intervals by the warm tints of flowers and the flush of brilliant shadings lavishly displayed on every hand, making midsummer the merriest, happiest time of all the changing year in the mountains—the time for a tour, a hill-climbing competition or other tournament.

One should prepare himself and equip his machine for a White Mountain trip exactly as he would for a tour in any other section of hilly country—looking particularly, of course, after the strength

and certain action of the breaking mechanism. Common sense driving will take care of the rest, even to getting along with the few frightened horses encountered on the roads of the country districts. No better accommodations *a n y*-where exist, and the tourist can easily procure anything the trip needs—at fair rates for first-class service. There is nothing “cheap and shoddy” about any of these resorts. Everywhere the automobilist goes he will be kindly received by the hotel men and the townspeople alike, and many will be the expressions of regret when the time comes to leave for home. One of the curious things about some of the smaller hotels planted in strange nooks and corners is their unseemly habit of running up hill. For instance, one may enter the front of the house, climb a flight or two of stairs and become astonished on waking in the morning to gaze out of his window onto an unexpected bank within easy stepping distance of the window sill.

Summed up in the briefest possible way, the White Mountains are the highest elevations of land east of the Rockies, and extend about forty miles north and south, being nearly the same distance east and west. The peaks cluster in two

groups, the eastern being known as the White Mountains proper, and the western as the Franconia. They rise from a plateau about forty-five miles long, thirty miles wide, and sixteen hundred



At Humphrey's Ledge

feet above the level of the sea. Several flashing rivers wind in and among them, passing through four of the prettiest valleys in America—the Saco, the Connecticut, the Androscoggin and the Pemigee-

wasset. Every schoolboy knows that Mount Washington is the highest, and the next to this are Mounts Adams, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, all of which are in the main range. The highest peaks in the Franconia group are Mounts Lafayette and Liberty. Expressed in figures, their rank is as follows:

	Feet
Mount Washington.....	6,296
Mount Adams.....	5,803
Mount Jefferson.....	5,725
Mount Sam Adams.....	5,588
Mount Monroe.....	5,396
Mount Madison.....	5,385
Mount Lafayette.....	5,269
Mount Lincoln.....	5,098
Mount Franklin.....	5,028
Mount Pleasant.....	4,775
Mount Clinton.....	4,275
Mount Willey.....	4,261
Mount Tom.....	4,140
Mount Webster.....	3,928
Mount Dartmouth.....	3,750
Mount Chocoma.....	3,400
Mount Deception.....	3,400

Few visitors are ever disappointed in these mountains, however great their anticipations may be, and thousands of tourists of the most fashionable class, who are wearied of nearly all other pleasure resorts, from the blue waters of Lake Como to the tropic walls of St. Augustine, from the Mammoth Cave to the valleys of Iceland, and from the Garden of the Gods to Mt. Desert, visit them again and again, always going away satisfied. Here is a peculiar and inexhaustible beauty about them which is best attested by the number of artists who frequent them year after year. The sketchbook and the brush recur with such astonishing frequency one is at first inclined to believe the whole area must have been transplanted to the portfolios of these indefatigable lovers of Nature.

But a little further experience teaches us that each day and hour the atmosphere transforms every object, bringing this feature into greater prominence, subduing that, transmuting the purple into gold, lighting crimson fires here and spreading a temporary gloom there, until

it seems that a whole lifetime spent in portraying one object only would still leave the task unfinished. Nor does the variety of scenery depend on the evanescent effects of the atmosphere alone. The more tangible evidences of geology have produced a wonderfully varied conformation of rock in pinnacle, curve and raving, while each feature is softened by an indescribable charm which makes the most violent convulsion of Nature appear artistic and calm.

The steady increase of visitors to the mountains has developed many ways of reaching them from New York, Boston, Canada, and other sections; but the pleasantest as well as the most novel way is, of course, by automobile. One desiring to make the trip from New York can do it in several ways. He may either ride to Boston (via Springfield or the Shore Line), thence to the mountains; or he may go up the Hudson river to Hudson, N. Y., and pass through central Massachusetts to the granite hills. Or he may follow the road from New York to New Haven, Meriden, Hartford and Springfield, thence up the Connecticut river. The distance from Boston by the route generally preferred by automobile tourists is only 200 miles, and even if continued to include a point or two not on the original program, the mileage will not exceed 240. Such a trip ought to have at least two days, and it would be wiser to extend it over three or four, and see more on the way.

From Boston the traveler has a number of routes open to him, inquiry about which, before leaving the "Hub," will find the one best suited to his liking, both for distance and scenery. To Dover, N. H. From this point all roads direct into the mountains lead through Rochester, Ossipee and North Conway to Bretton Woods by way of the Crawford Notch; thence, in case the trip be prolonged, to Franconia Notch and the Pro-



MOUNT PLEASANT COTTAGE, BRETTON WOODS

file House, with the considerable number of interesting towns and resorts between. The Maine Steamship Company's boats run direct from New York to Portland, from whence the White Mountains are about a hundred miles distant, via Sebago Lake. It is expected that quite a number from New York, Boston and intermediate points will drive up for the mid-July tournament. Of the Boston contingent who came up for the preliminary inspection, Messrs. Whipple, Fossdick and Phelps drove up in their cars, returning the same way.

One might easily spend days, or even weeks, rambling about the White Mountains by motor car without exhausting the number of interesting places to visit, and each spot would linger in the memory on account of some special and distinctive attraction. John Anderson and other writers and nature lovers who know these places and these trips as a New Yorker knows Broadway, have listed a few of the important excursions, from which we quote liberally to give some idea of the infinite variety of the country and the pleasure

possibilities it holds for the owner of a staunch motor car geared to take care of itself on the hilly roads.

No. 1—The Notch. Crawford House.

In the group of three high, well wooded mountains seen to the right in driving toward Crawfords from Bretton Woods, the first one with round top is Mount Tom, named for Tom Crawford, the first keeper of the Crawford House. The next is Mount Field, named for Darby Field, who ascended Mount Washington in 1642. The next is Mount Willey, famous for its avalanche, August 28, 1826, which destroyed the Willey family. The small hill that seems to lie across the Notch and has a patch of dark fir and spruce trees on its top is Mount Willard. On the left of the Notch can be seen Mount Webster, and then the little round cap-like summit of Mount Jackson. Next, on the left, is the long summit of Mount Clinton, over which the bridge path from the Crawford House, constructed in 1840, leads toward Mount Washington over nearly the same route as the first foot path of 1819.

From the front of Crawford House is a fine view of the narrowest part of the pass, called at that point the "Gate of the Notch"; the ledge on the left is called "Elephant's Head." Above it is "Bugle Cliff," and beyond is the massive form of Mount Webster. The densely wooded slope of Mount Willard is on the right, Mounts Willey and Field beyond. Mount Avalon, named for a mountain in Newfoundland, shows a sharp, rocky peak above the woods on the side of Mount Field, and squarely to the right from the hotel is the round dome of Mount Tom. Saco Lake, the source of the Saco river, lies in front.

The Crawford House stands on the summit of the divide, 1,899 or 1,920 feet above sea level. A drop of water may split on its ridge-pole and one-half go into the Saco and reach the ocean on the coast of Maine, while the other half, sliding down the back roof, will find its way into Long Island Sound, via the Ammonoosuc and Connecticut rivers. The first Crawford House was built 1851-2, and burned May 1, 1859, and rebuilt in sixty days, entertaining 100 guests on the night of July 4. The present building is substantially the one built at that time.

No. 2—The Notch. Willey House.

Continuing on from Crawford House the site of Tom Crawford's "Notch House" is passed almost at the "Gate of the Notch." The "Notch House" was built for Tom Crawford by his brother Ethan and his father, Abel Crawford, in 1828. This was a famous tavern, and before any railroads reached Northern New Hampshire and Vermont the trade of that section all went through the Notch on wheels or runners to Portland, Me. It is said that forty "pungs" have been counted in one caravan on the way through the Natch.

On the left, just beyond the "Gate of the Notch" is the "Pulpit." "Dismal

Pool" is in the chasm at the right. When the line for the railroad was surveyed around the face of Mount Willard the engineers had to be suspended over the sides of the ledge above "Dismal Pool" like painters on the side of a house. The Flume and Silver Cascades are fine after a heavy shower. The former is named for the cleft in the ledge beneath the bridge where the highway crosses the brook. From the cascades to the site of the Willey House the road is an archway of green, but in the fall is often carpeted with the gold and crimson leaves of the maple. The Saco tumbles about in its rocky bed close to the road.

It is about three miles from Crawfords to the Willey House. The latter was called the "Notch House" before the building of Tom Crawford's house at the "Gate of the Notch," the name going then to that house. The place was settled by Davis about 1792 and was a fertile green valley before the avalanche of August 28, 1826. On the return, the sheer face of Mount Willard seems to block the end of the valley, while between it and Mount Field rises the sharp cone of Mount Avalon. The "Devil's Den" can be seen in the upper right hand corner of Mount Willard.

No. 3—Bemis.

Bemis is a further extension of the Crawford and Willey House drives. The six miles from Willey House are through beautiful woods, with an occasional mountain view. Mount Crawford, near Bemis, is peculiar for the protuberance on its northern crest; Mount Resolution is north of it. Nancy's Brook, at Bemis, is named for the girl who followed on foot her runaway lover down through the Notch in the winter, and perished in the snow by this brook. Dr. Bemis, a Boston dentist, and a very eccentric man, built the stone cottage, and willed it with all the valley from

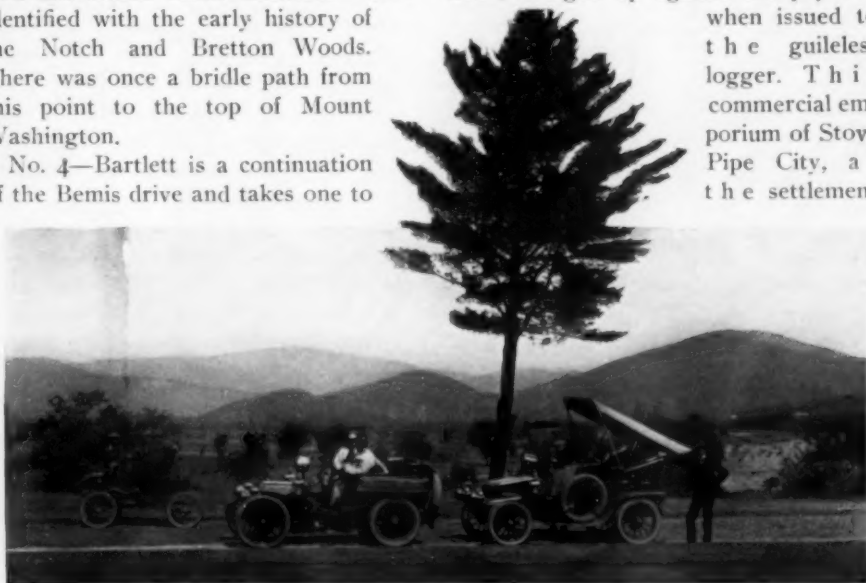
Bemis to and including Mount Willard, to the man who had taken care of him and the property. An old love legend attaches to this.

The site of the old Mount Crawford House can be seen on the east side of the track. This was the home of Abel Crawford, the "Patriarch of the Mountains," two of whose sons—Tow Crawford and Ethan Allen Crawford—were identified with the early history of the Notch and Bretton Woods. There was once a bridle path from this point to the top of Mount Washington.

No. 4—Bartlett is a continuation of the Bemis drive and takes one to

Holmes' Boarding House, where the lumbermen were entitled to go to dinner *sans* coat or vest, or to bed with their spike-soled boots on. Across the way was a brick red building where groceries, solid and liquid, were dispensed, and shoes and shirts, made largely of paper pulp in the encouragement of home industries, were, at liberal valuations, charged up against the pay roll

when issued to the guileless logger. This commercial emporium of Stove Pipe City, as the settlement



IN FRONT OF THE FAMOUS INTERVALE

a thriving mountain village where a good dinner can be had at the Cave Mountain House. Don't fail to ask "Mine Host" Stevens for a piece of his home-made spruce gum.

On the drive to Crawfords and the Notch is Lake Carolyn, the little sheet of water directly under the eye of the "Watch Tower," the rustic shelter on the bold end of the glacial ridge that, with some breaks, extends nearly to Crawfords. At the outlet of the lake there was a large saw mill when the lumbermen desecrated this district. It was called Holmes' mill, and then there was a big ugly square box called

was called, flung to the mountain breeze the savory name of "The Red Onion"—why, we do not know, but we suspect the groceries. But why, also, Stove Pipe City? All along the slope flanking the big house there were numerous little log houses with slab roofs from which, without exception, protruded a foot or more of stovepipe, and this aggregation of stovepipes, looked down upon from the trains that passed along the track above, easily gave the name.

Andy Murphy was a prominent citizen, and at the top of the hill at the south end, had a real frame house of one or more rooms, and by the side of

the road and not far distant from his front door, a pig pen of conventional construction and equipment. There was a "Ballad of the Crawford Coach" that ran as follows:

'Twas up in Shtove-pipe City
 Forninst the mountains big,
 There resoided Andy Mur-rphy
 And his purty shnow-white pig.
 Now, shure it was a purty pig,
 The shwatest iver born,
 An'—Begorra!—how he'd dance and shquale
 To hear the Crawford horn!
 [Air: "Paddy Duffy's Cart."]

The glacial ridge alluded to above is what geologists call an eskar, or medial moraine, a deposit made by the central river during the melting of the glacier. It is very steep on both sides, until near the crossing of "Crawford," or "Gibbs," or "Black Brook," as it is variously called. Beyond that point the highway is on the continuation of the ridge for quite a portion of the way to Crawfords.

No. 5—Mount Willard is 670 feet above the Crawford House. This covers also the Crawford drive. At Crawfords passengers are taken about two miles to the top of Mount Willard, where is one of the grandest views in the White Mountains. The high mountain on the right is Mount Willey, the long ridge on the left Mount Webster. Mount Crawford, away down the valley, can be told by the odd projection on its top. The site of the Willey House is plainly visible in the valley, 1,463 feet below. Take the Mount Washington turnpike, built from Fabyans to base of Mount Washington in 1867 to 1869, to connect by stage with the Mount Washington railway, before the railroad was extended from Fabyans to the base. The B. & M. railroad has owned the turnpike for some years, but has recently been prevailed upon to turn it over to the State, and it now becomes a part of the new State highway system in the White Mountains.

A most picturesque footpath between the road and the river, leads to the falls, and a bridle path, also used as a footpath, runs close along the river on the other side, with a bridge above the falls. This bridle path also has a branch extending southeasterly to the old Ethan Crawford wagon road, and thence across to the new State highway at Clinton Brook, two and one-half miles north of the Crawford House. The word "Ammonoosuc" is said to have meant "little fishing river." It is a famous trout stream. The Indian name was said to be Ompompanoosuc,

No. 7—Twin Rivers and Crawfords.

About two and a half miles beyond the falls is the deserted settlement of Twin Rivers, formerly the site of a large farm, a bobbin mill and a number of houses. At this point, about one and three-quarter miles from the base of Mount Washington, the Jefferson Notch road crosses. It is nearly four miles southerly to Crawfords and nine and one-half miles northerly to Jefferson Highlands. The Crawford division was opened November 8, 1901. Turning on to this road from the turnpike, the brook named Sokokis stream, is crossed at a sharp turn in the road. Both branches of this stream head on Mount Franklin, neither on Mount Pleasant. Rounding the gravel bluff you are upon the terrace of the old Twin River log landing of the Browns' Lumber Co., with a fine outlook. The abandoned roadbed of the spur track is incorporated into the highway for three-fourths of a mile from this point to the crossing of the Mount Washington railway.

Just beyond the crossing the Bretton Woods private road turns to the right and just beyond is Abenaki Brook that heads in Abenaki Ravine between Mount Pleasant and Mount Clinton, and named for the Abenakis nation of

thirteen tribes who hunted, fished and gathered scalps in this region. Another turn-off to the right leads also into the Bretton Woods road and to the old Ethan Crawford wagon road. A short distance up the hill in the clearing which was the site of Barron & Merrill's log landing, the Stickney road to Barron's upper camps and Abenaki Ravine turns off to the left. The bridle trail to the summit of Mount Pleasant starts from the terminus of this road. A half mile from the railroad crossing Clinton Brook is crossed. Below the junction of this brook and Abenaki Brook is the reservoir from which comes a pure and never-failing water supply.

The bridle path leading back to the old wagon road to Mount Washington and across it to the falls, turns off just south of Clinton Brook two and one-half miles from Crawfords. The Mount Pleasant Hotel Company and Barron, Merrill & Barron Company have spent a lot of money on this highway in addition to what the State gave. For half a mile beyond Clinton Brook the woods are fine. Then there is an opening giving a view of the hotels in the distance, and presently the point of Mount Clinton is turned and the mountains of the Notch are close at hand with the roof of the Crawford House visible among the trees in the gap. Gibbs' Brook is crossed close to the Crawford House and the return is over the old Portland road, the "Tenth New Hampshire Turnpike" of 1803, twenty miles from the Bartlett line northerly, costing \$40,000.

No. 8.—Base Station.

Same as No. 7, to Twin Rivers, then 1½ miles to the base of Mount Washington, crossing Franklin and Monroe brooks. It was to Cold Spring, about one-half mile above here, that Ethan Allen Crawford made the first wagon road to Mount Washington, extending a good foot path to the summit over practically

the route now followed by the railroad. The path was used later as a bridle path. He opened this route as a foot path the entire length, about nine miles, in 1821. In the spring of 1827, one and one-half miles to a point three miles from his house was made a wagon road, and in



Up Perfect Roads

June, 1828, three miles more, and "over this," he says, "I could carry in a wagon, with two stout horses, seven passengers at a time."

It left the Portland (or "Notch") road where the Bretton Woods farm road now does, to cross the outlet of Lake Carolyn.

Its course across the field was obliterated by the railroad, but the end of the old road is still distinct just south of where the railroad leaves the field on the east side. Over "Blueberry Hill," which Crawford speaks of in his history as a famous place for bears, it has been reopened by the late Mr. Stickney. The first foot path onto Mount Washington, made in 1819, was not, as generally stated, over this route, but was nearly the same as the bridle path opened in 1840, and was made by Ethan and his father, Abel. The upper half of the wagon road was destroyed by the flood of September 2, 1828, said to have been greater than that of August 28, 1826, and was never reopened as a wagon road but used as a bridle path to a distance from his house of "seven miles and sometimes farther."

In 1845 he returned to the mountains and kept the tavern on the present site of the White Mountain House. He then writes: "We have a good horse path to Trinity Height, the summit of Mount Washington. Nearly seven miles of this road is over comparatively level surface, and two and one-quarter miles on rising ground, and many have seated themselves on a horse at the house and never dismounted until they have been to the top of the mountain and returned." Time, six to nine hours. The old path can be plainly seen from the railroad near "Jacob's Ladder," which, by the way, Crawford mentions in 1833. The center rail, for cog wheel, in this railway, and the sideboards on which the workmen descend at the rate of a mile a minute, are objects of interest at the base. Sylvester Marsh, of Littleton, applied for the charter for the Mount Washington Railway in 1858, began it in 1866, built to Lizzie Bourne's monument in 1868, and to the top in 1869, costing about \$150,000, equipment and all; length, three miles; maximum grade,

1,980 feet to the mile. The carriage road from Glen was begun in 1855, and finished in 1861; average grade, 12 per cent.; maximum, 16.

No. 9.—Jefferson Highlands.

Three-fourths of a mile on the way is Fabyans, where, in 1803, on the "Giant's Grave," Capt. Eleazer Rosebrook built the first hotel for summer guests in the White Mountains; but he had lived there since 1792, when he bought the place from Abel Crawford, who, however, lived then in Guildhall, Vt., but came to the mountains the next year and settled at the place now called Bemis, 12 miles down the Notch. Ethan Allen Crawford took the Rosebrook house in March, 1817, and on July 18, 1818, it burned to the ground. In 1824 he built another house there, 36x40. This was taken by Horace Fabyan, of Portland, in 1837, and burned in 1853. The house is alluded to in some old writing as Fabyan's "Mount Washington House." The mountain back of the station is Little Mount Deception. The main peaks of Mount Deception are back of it. It was named by a lady visitor at Ethan Crawford's in 1823. She thought to ascend it on the run.

Three-fourths of a mile beyond is the White Mountain House, around which the road turns to go over Cherry Mountain to Jefferson Meadows, $8\frac{1}{4}$ miles farther, and thence five miles to E. A. Crawford's at Jefferson Highlands, where a good dinner can be had, and a grand view of the "northern peaks" and Mount Washington. It is six and one-half miles from Mr. Crawford's to the summit of Jefferson Notch, then three miles to Twin Rivers, and thence four miles to Bretton Woods. Israel River is crossed before making the ascent, and its southern branch is followed up the mountain side.

The northern, or Jefferson division of the Jefferson Notch highway, was for-

mally opened September 9, 1902, by Governor Chester B. Jordan and Council, taken to the summit of the pass, 3,000 feet above the sea level in an eight-horse wagon driven by Ethan Allen Crawford, the builder of the road. They were met by



NEAR DALTON, ON THE CONNECTICUT

a cavalcade of ladies and gentlemen, and escorted down the mountain to the Mount Washington, then recently opened. Ethan Allen Crawford was grandson of the famous pioneer of same name, who constructed the first path and first wagon road to the base of Mount Washington recently reopened for about three miles, at an expense of \$4,000. The Jefferson division was nearly destroyed in the tremendous downpour of June 12, 1903, but has since been repaired.

No. 10—Waumbek and Return by Twin Mountain.

Over Cherry Mountain as in No. 9, three-quarter miles to the Meadows, then four miles to the hotel. Returning around Cherry Mountain there is a good view of the slide that occurred in 1885. On nearing the Twin Mountain House there is a good view of the jagged top of Mount Lafayette, and nearer, the cone

of Mount Garfield. Opposite the hotel are the Baby Twins, and beyond them the North Twin, and to the left, often mistaken for one of the Twins, is Mount Hale, lying just back of Zealand Pond. The deformities that appear on the Baby Twins are called the Nubbles, while the bald-headed dwarfs holding hands in a line and hanging on to the skirts of Mount Hale are the "Sugar Loaves." Far up the Zealand valley the westerly spur and a part of the dome of Mount Tom can be seen. The gravel ridge behind Zealand Pond is another "eskar," a glacial deposit. The new stage highway will follow its crest.

No. 11—Waumbek and Return by Jefferson Notch.

Same as No. 10 as far as the Waumbek, and then five miles around the base of Mount Starr King and over Stag Hollow to Jefferson Highlands, and thence as return in No. 9.

No. 12—Around Cherry Mountain.

Same as No. 10, omitting four miles from the Meadows to The Waumbek.

No. 13—Twin Mountain Drive.

This passes Fabyans, the White Mountain House and the Christian Science chapel, lower falls of the Ammonoosuc, northern end of the Rosebrook range, the Sugar Loaves and Mount Hale. The new road will cross the river near the rustic house on Fabyan golf links, again just below the falls, and again at the head of Zealand Pond. It will be entirely out of danger from trains. The State has appropriated \$17,000 to build it. The chief engineer is John W. Storrs, Esq., of Concord.

No. 14—Maplewood.

Same as No. 13 to Twin Mountain, five miles to Bethlehem Junction, getting fine views of the North Twin and South Twin, Mount Garfield and Mount Lafayette. It is two miles from the Junction to The Maplewood on the side of Mount Agassiz.

No. 15—Bethlehem.

Same as No. 14, with an additional mile down through Bethlehem street, the view from the south end of which, over the valley towards Littleton, with the hills of Vermont in the distance, is especially pleasing.

No. 16—Bethlehem and Sunset Hill and Return to Bethlehem.

No. 15 to Bethlehem. Would advise going over the hill at the Sinclair House and coming back by west end of the village. The views of the Franconia range are fine, and at Forest Hills Hotel a stop should be made to get the view from the front veranda, one of the finest and most attractive in the White Mountains. It is about five miles from Bethlehem to Forest Hills, and six more to Profile, with one hill about three miles long. Don't fail to visit Profile Lake and don't hurry your dinner. It will deserve all the time and attention you can spare.

No. 17—Whitefield.

To Twin Mountain House, thence eight miles through the only real farming country in this section. Except when dusty it is a delightful ride. In a very dusty time choose Nos. 6, 7 and 8, and next, Nos. 2, 3 and 5. The only very dusty section of Nos. 2, 3, 5 and 7 will be from Bretton Woods to the Crawford Brook.

It is a singular fact, but nevertheless true, that the summit of the White Mountains gives a better view of the immensity of space than the highest of the Rocky Mountain peaks. The height of the latter is so great that only the pinnacles surrounding them have a distinct shape. All below is drowned in a yellow mistiness. But the downward glimpses you get in the ascent of Mount Washington reveal so varied an extent of country that it is possible to realize how great your altitude is. Now it is the valley of the Saco that opens up before you, and then a wider reach still, with the peaks of Adams, Jefferson and Madison wedged in, and the other ranges in the blue distance. From the highest of the Rocky Mountains the view unfolded resembles a desolate ocean, from the White Mountains an earthly paradise.

The view from the top has been described as a map of New England poetically expressed. If the day is clear, Monadnock may be seen in a pale blue film, a hundred miles to the southwest; in the east is Mount Katahdin; in the north, Canada; and in the west, the Catskills. Nearer are the Franconia ridge, the twin peaks of Stratford Mountain, the radiant surface of Lake Winnipisogee, Mounts Crawford and Kearsarge, and the Bartlett Hills. Could the eye reach so far it might comprehend nearly six hundred miles of country, but its limit is said to be an area of about a hundred miles.

Those who have had the opportunity

to ride up and thus view to the best possible advantage the bulk of Mount Washington, have progressed far in their exploration of solitary grandeur, particularly if overtaken by a storm above while the sun shines below. Looking above, the gashed and leaden crags will seem terrible and furious. Below all may seem brightness and calm; above all darkness and desolation, and yet with sublime harmonies in progress. Angry clouds flit across the mountain tops to the accompaniment of distant thunder, and the whole picture is one of heroic mightiness. One will stop enraptured to watch the strange effects of sun and clouds, and will come away impressed for life. It is strange that these mountains of ours, rich in tradition and noble in theme, should not have won the favor of the poets as have the highest peaks in Switzerland. Their covering of rock in summer and snow in winter suggests as nothing else can do the meaning of eternity. Every nerve and fiber of one's being is soon in harmony with the grandeur of the mountains.

Here, on July 11 and 12, 1904, will occur the first annual Mount Washington "Climb to the Clouds," the first scheduled events in the tournament which will continue through that week. The road is actually eight miles long, starting 100 yards back of the toll gate at the foot of the mountain, where Glen Cottage is situated. Gold, silver and bronze medals will be awarded each class of cars, and the promoters of the climb have been far-sighted enough to include every type of car, both fully



Harry Fosdick and Party

equipped and stripped. The mountain is climbable by nearly all automobiles, a dozen or so having already made the ascent, including a 7 H. P. Stevens-Duryea runabout which, in fact, holds the record at this writing.

The popular and old-established G. & J. Tire Company, Indianapolis, Ind., with commendable enterprise, have offered to the White Mountains Road Improvement Association a magnificent and typical trophy emblematic of the mountains, the cup standing nearly a foot high, made of sterling silver. Its summit is surmounted by the antlers of a deer; and the ornamental work is of elaborate design, embracing vine and floral etchings. This cup will be given to the driver making the best record, independent of class, and it is expected that a similar cup will be given year after year by the same company, to be known as the record "Climb to the Clouds" cup.

In the past hill climbing has probably had less hold on automobilists than speed contests have, but it is undoubtedly the most practical and satisfactory of the two. What the average man wants to know first of all is what his machine will do in a hill climbing way; he ex-

pects that it will surmount the worst hill to be found in the district he wishes to travel. The purchaser has a right to expect that his vehicle will answer all these requirements, as well as the requirement of speed and safety. This contest cannot help but test any car satisfactorily for the buying public. The automobile that can safely traverse the White Mountain roads can be trusted to give a good account of itself in any section of the country. This is not saying that the New Hampshire roads are worse than the average country highways—some of them are much better; but it is the many short and long up-grades through the mountains that will test the engines and running gears generally.

The first step in actual preparation for the tournament was the breaking of last year's record by such a generous margin that even those who had kept in closest touch with developments were about as much surprised as those who read of the performance in the newspapers the following morning. Friday and Saturday, June 17 and 18, the small company, consisting principally of well-known automobilists and newspaper men, gathered at Mount Pleasant Cottage, Bretton Woods, as guests of Anderson & Price. Among those who had driven up in their own machines were Harlan W. Whipple, president of the American Automobile Association, making a special trip from Andover, Mass., his summer home, in his Mercedes machine; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fossdick, of Boston, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Phelps, of Stoneham, Mass., in the Winton and Phelps touring cars respectively. In the party also was John W. Storrs, N. H. State Engineer for the central counties, who is a warm advocate of automobiling from a good roads standpoint.

Though there was the important busi-

ness on hand of making the advance tours through the mountain districts, as well as the preliminary inspection trip up the mountain, with other final arrangements, everyone knew everyone else, and business was mixed generously with pleasure. As the Mount Washington and the Mount Pleasant establishments were not officially open for 1904, the Mount Pleasant Cottage was the rendezvous of what was in reality a family party. From this point a test ride was planned up Mount Washington for Sunday afternoon, June 19, by Otto Nestman, who had come up from Chicopee Falls, Mass., with C. C. Hildebrand of the Stevens-Duryea Company. In his light runabout 7-H. P. car Nestman faced the task—the first 1904 ascent—at 1:30 P. M., after stripping from his machine every superfluous thing. In the car during the ride was A. G. Batchelder with two stop watches, while two others were held by W. J. Morgan at the base.

When the word "Go" was given, the plucky rider shot across the piece of meadow and the small car was soon lost in the timber, while the merry barking of the motor at forced speed up a continuous grade sounded like the echoes of hounds on the chase. In this way the progress of the climb was marked for a long distance, but even the echoes finally died away. By that time the party had passed the Half-Way House and had traveled four of the eight miles necessary to complete the task by arrival at the Summit House. As this was the first vehicle to make the journey up the toll road this season, and as the owners of the road had only started to repair it, there were some misgivings not only as to record-breaking possibilities, but as to whether the ascent could be made at all or not.

After a wait of 2½ hours, it was generally considered by those at the bottom



START OF STEVENS-DURYEA RECORD BREAKER

that the attempt had not been successful, and a start was made up the mountain on foot on a voyage of discovery. They had not gone far when cheering was heard and Nestman, with the Stevens-Duryea, carrying three people besides himself and Mr. Batchelder, came suddenly into view. The former record had been lowered more than anyone had thought possible, the cut being made from 1h. 46m. to 48m. 30s. The drive up the mountain was a long and hard one, but Nestman drove with nerve and good judgment, though at times the little vehicle swerved alarmingly in turning the sharp corners on the toll road. The long delay in making the return was accounted for by the fact that the record breakers had dined at the Summit House before starting on the down trip.

Encouraged by this showing, and for the purpose of proving that it could be done again, almost without intermission by the same machine, Mr. Hildebrand accompanied Mr. Nestman on a second round trip, though no time was taken. They reached the summit without difficulty, and left these characteristic words on the hotel register, "Just once more for fun." Harry Fosdick, accompanied by Mrs. Fosdick and chauffeur, then concluded to make a trial ascent in his

heavy Winton touring car, in which the ride from Boston was made, divested only of the tonneau. His starting time was taken by Mr. Hildebrand, and the time of arrival at the top checked by Miss Clark, of the Summit House. The elapsed time was 1h. 40m., which, though not to be compared with the special test run of Nestman, was still better than the previous best record, and a good performance for a heavy car carrying three passengers. Mr. Fosdick came away convinced that the task is one worthy of any man and any machine, the climb up Mount Washington being about the best trial to which a motor car can be put. Mr. L. J. Phelps, with Mrs. Phelps and chauffeur, then started up the mountain on a pleasure trip, continuing beyond the Half-Way House, when some trouble with his gear led him to return to the bottom. Harlan W. Whipple intended to make the attempt with the Mercedes, with which he drove up from Andover, but this purpose was given up on account of repairs necessary to the brake lever of his machine.

It was an ideal day for such a series of trials, clear and warm until above the timber line, with the whole superb view for which the mountain is far-famed to add zest to the occasion. The long dry

spell was about ending. Above the timber line the wind blew, however, and the two occupants of the car found cap ear muffs quite comfortable. The wind increased gradually until the very top, when the view, such as only the top of Mount Washington can give, proved the task completed. A glance at the stop-watches surprised even the occupants of the record-breaking car with the swiftness of their ascent, there having been no expectation of covering the distance in less than an hour, especially as Nestman had never been over the road before.

The denizens of the forest must be interested in this new means of going over mountain roads, for a large doe deer walked boldly into the road when the party came down, and looked over the record-breaking machine. The driver applied the brakes and stopped to get a better view of the animal, the latter simply retreating a few steps, only to advance again, apparently without fear either of the vehicle or its occupants. After the party had started again and proceeded perhaps 100 yards down the road, the deer trotted after them without fear, and after a final look at the strange sight, leaped gracefully into the woods along the road, evidently satisfied. Some of the natives' horses showed less good sense.

The inspection trip of the roads through the mountain district, preparatory to the two separate days' tours to be made during the week of the tournament, was made by a party of eight automobilists and newspaper men, accompanied by the official photographer, W. R. Merryman. There was only one mishap, and that came about on the final stretch into Lancaster, where the two vehicles came suddenly upon a team of horses attached to a mowing machine. Horses and machine were standing in the middle of the road unattended, while

the owner had gone back to put up the bars into the lot they had just left. Though the party were proceeding cautiously the horses naturally took fright, and the owner—a bearded farmer of the right stamp, as it was afterwards learned—managed to grab the reins.

He thereupon made the distance of about fifty yards in record time; but, fearing some accident by coming into contact with the moving parts of the machine, the people in the leading car shouted to him to let go the reins. This he did, and was taken into the automobile, while the team raced ahead into Lancaster, fortunately having no serious accidents. The old man took the only proper view of the matter, and though the parts of his machine were broken and scattered along a mile of road, his only apprehension seemed to be lest someone should be injured by the running team, or that the latter might be hurt. His own inconvenience and loss seemed as nothing in comparison.

Ex-Governor Chester B. Jordan was seen at Lancaster, and a promise obtained from him to meet the automobilists at Bretton Woods during the tournament, and make one of the addresses to him. This genial lawyer-politician amused his callers by introducing them to "Mr. Boneman, a New Hampshire gentleman and a friend to automobilists." Mr. Boneman, on introduction, turned out to be a life-sized skeleton. Through Mr. Jordan it was arranged to purchase a new McCormick mowing machine for the unfortunate but game farmer, Stephen Green, by name; and a letter since received by Mr. Anderson from the Ex-Governor conveys the information that the old man was quite taken back with the liberality of the automobilists. The tears rolled down the old man's cheeks for want of words to express his appreciation of the treatment he had re-

ceived. Making friends in this way makes friends forever, and perhaps goes far to undo the harm of the few reckless ones.

As was hoped for, both by the hotel men and the residents of the mountains, copious rains fell early the following week, refreshing the landscape and preparing every outdoor thing to appear at its best for the tournament. Coming too late to interfere with the inspection plans of the party, it still prevented the expected return on Wednesday of the Boston contingent, and all remained in comfort at Mount Pleasant cottage, enjoying themselves and planning the details that still remained to look after. It was realized, for one thing, what enterprise and foresight were required to plan and build a thoroughfare from the base to the summit of Mount Washington. This was done, of course, without reference to its use some time by automobile tourists and record-breakers; but the Mount Washington Summit Road Company were not slow in seeing that this new kind of travel would bring hundreds if not thousands of tourists to the White Mountains, and thus increase the popularity of the locality. For their care in maintenance, good will and enterprise, they have the cordial support of all visiting automobilists.

It is well known by this time that no attempt to climb Mount Washington will be allowed until the date of the first annual contest, July 11-16, and from that date no automobile will be allowed on the toll road until next year. This highway is operated under a rigid State charter, and as the company operating it is dependent mainly upon horse-drawn vehicles for their income, it is not surprising that the owners have shut the road to automobiles except for the week during which it is given to them exclusively. So all records made during the forthcoming tournament will

stand for the year 1904 and until July, 1905, giving a full year's distinction to the fortunate record holder after the climb is over.

All the White Mountain people and the people of New Hampshire generally are fully alive to the importance of bringing automobilists into the mountains each summer, and the State and local authorities are more interested in the question of good roads now than many other larger States in the Union. The germs of the "automobile fever" have already taken hold, and orders for cars have been given in several instances since the inspection of the roads was officially made. John W. Storrs, a thorough good roads man and State engineer for the central counties, as already stated, was with the party one day, and reaching his home, Concord, the following day, he placed an order for an automobile for his personal use in directing this work. Several of the hotel men have also ordered motor cars, which will be seen in the mountains this summer. Good average time was made in the two days' tours over the roads laid out for the July runs, and the leading towns on the routes are preparing suitable entertainment for the participants.

The hotel keepers have not been in the past especially favorable to the automobile, but under the leadership of Anderson & Price, who have done much missionary work North and South, there has been a general decision to welcome the automobile. The motor car would sooner or later come and be a necessity in these mountain districts, as elsewhere, with or without their co-operation and support. John Anderson is a State Road Commissioner, and in that capacity has done much to encourage the building of State as well as local highways; and he has become thoroughly imbued with the coming importance of the automobile in

that section. His firm will use two or three cars at Bretton Woods this summer with a view to getting their horses acquainted; and as they run a very large livery stable, they have come to the sensible conclusion that the best way is to educate their horses to the inevitable. Special rates will be given to automobile parties and participants in the climb and the tours by the hotels; and as each place has its special attractions, every desire of the tourist ought to be satisfied.

It is impossible to even journey hastily through the White Mountains, to say nothing about making a long stop there, without coming away with a new idea of the men whose forethought and work make a pleasant outing in this region possible. The average hotel man is looked upon by many people as a grasping magnate, charging enormous prices and giving inadequate service in return, without other serious thought than the items represented on the opposite sides of his ledger. Nothing could be further from the truth. The characteristic White Mountain hotel keeper is a broad, progressive, ambitious man, who manages his properties as he would manage a large private estate, with an eye to bringing out its largest beauty and keeping everything in the best possible condition. It is an open secret that some of the famous hostelrys are not paying properties, yet they are maintained at the highest efficiency, whether they are empty or full. Their help is selected for courtesy and capability, without regard to expense, and the service rendered is on the same high order. Considering the short season in the mountains, the charges are reasonable and the accommodations all that could be expected.

Standing alongside and working hand in hand with the hotel proprietors of the better class are the railroads, with whom, too, it is largely a matter of business. But it is much more than that. They

spend with princely liberality the greater part of what they make on their summer resort business, and are ever willing to listen to anyone who has a suggestion to make to them about the regions which their facilities reach. D. J. Flanders and George W. Storer, of the passenger department of the Boston and Maine, and George L. Connor, of the Consolidated Road, are types of men who have done much to make the mountain resorts what they are to-day. The tourist who does by others as he would like to be done by finds himself among loyal friends, who care more for his satisfaction and enjoyment than anything else.

Automobile tourists always find plenty of amusing incidents and circumstances which enliven their outings and help to pass away the time. Many owners are as proud of the trials they have with their chauffeurs as the ordinary housewife is of the troubles she has with her maid. On his way from Bretton Woods to Intervale, Harlan W. Whipple, accompanied by John Anderson and John W. Storrs, was going down a steep grade in his Mercedes when he wanted to throw the brake clutch. But no matter how much he tried, there was no action. Charley, his chauffeur, notorious for his long distance sleeping ability, had gone to dreamland with his foot blocking the clutch and his elbow poking his employer's ribs.

He has been with Mr. Whipple for about three years, and is very useful outside of his well-known sleeping propensities. He won't get up for anyone except his employer, and not always then. At Intervale he was called at 6 A. M. to get the machine ready. After three callings, the A. A. A. president broke in the door and found his man as far along as sitting up in bed. Mr. Whipple went to breakfast at 7:30, and about 9 o'clock Charley actually showed up, looking sheepish, when the



MOUNT PLEASANT, BRETTON WOODS

following dialogue, or its equivalent, ensued: "Oh, you're up, are you?" "Yes, sir." "Do you know how many times I called you?" "Yes, sir; three times." The employer then turned to the company he was with and asked, "Now what would you do with a fellow like that?" And no one informed him.

The times made by Mr. Whipple in his return from Intervale to Andover, Mass., after the preliminary trials and the inspection tours, together with the distances, may be interesting:

Miles			
Left Intervale.....	10.15	Arr. Ossipee.....	12.15 30
" Ossipee.....	1.00	" Rochester....	2.18 35
" Rochester.....	3.00	" Newburyport	5.00 40
" Newburyport..	6.18	" Andover	8.00 24
Total			129

During this run a stop was made to replace a tire between Newburyport and Andover.

The following schedules made by the preliminary inspection parties over the routes of the two separate days' tours to be taken during tournament week,

with full memoranda of mileages and running times, is useful information for the tourist contemplating a trip into this section:

FIRST DAY

Miles	Arrival and Departure	Stops	Running Time
Left Bretton Woods.....	9.05		
Arr. Twin Mt. House.....	5½ 9.22		
" Jefferson Meadows....	8 9.54		
" E. A. Crawford's ...	5 10.18	.08*	1.05
Left " "	10.47		
Arr. Ravine House, Randolph.....	6 11.07		
Arr. Glen Cottage, foot of Mt. Wash. Carriage road..	7 11.42		.55
Left Glen Cottage.	4.50 P.M.		
Arr. Wentworth Hall.....	12 5.37		.57
Left " "	5.47		
Arr. Intervale House.....	7 6.35	.18†	.30
50½			3.27

*Call at Pliny Range House and Highland House.

†Call at Gray's Inn and Iron Mountain House.

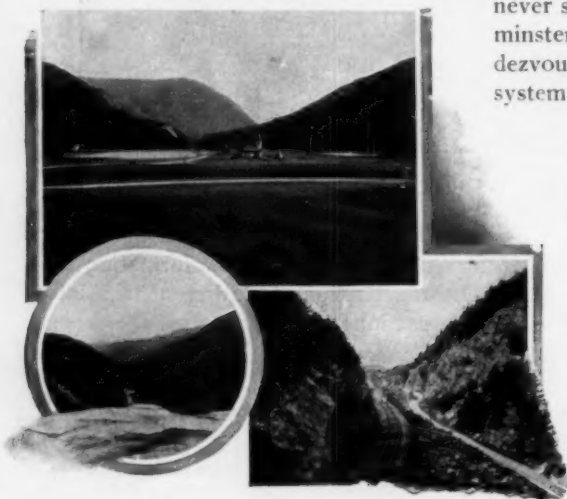
SECOND DAY.

Miles	Arrival and Departure	Stops	Running Time
Left Bretton Woods.....	9.20 A. M.		
Arr. Whitefield.....	13½ 10.15	.20	.55
Left Whitefield.....	10.35		
Arr. Lancaster.....	8 11.20		.45
Left Lancaster.....	12.10 P.M.	.50	
Arr. Littleton.....	21 2.27		2.17

SECOND DAY—Continued.

Left Littleton.....	4.15	1.48	
Arr. Profile House.....13	5.55		1.40
Left Profile House.....	5.59	.04	
Arr. Forest Hills.....5	6.22		.25
Left Forest Hills.....	6.30	.08	
Arr. Bethlehem.....5	7.10		.40
Left Bethlehem.....	7.20	.10	
Arr. Bretton Woods.....13½	8.21		1.01
	79	3.20	7.41

The White Mountain region of New Hampshire is world-famous for the number and excellence of its hotels, where the "best of everything" is prepared for the tourist, and no pains spared to make him feel thoroughly at home. At Bretton Woods are located



the great establishments of the Mount Pleasant Hotel Company, the Mount Washington and the Mount Pleasant, with the cog road "to the clouds" near at hand, and the carriage road up Mount Washington not a very long ride over a very attractive country. This cog road will be used by many who will want to watch the mountain climbers from the train, and others who prefer to go up ahead of the contest, and watch their favorite vehicles as they round the last grade to the summit.

Four resort hotels are operated by the Barron, Merrill & Barron Co., and

all will be visited by more or less of those who come up for the hill climb and tours. Three of them, the Crawford House, Fabyan House and the Twin Mountain House, are located along the grand thoroughfare from the Crawford Notch through the Ammonoosuc Valley, within easy riding distance of Bretton Woods by road. Their Summit House on Mount Washington will be the rendezvous for those who remain on top after the climb as well as those who go up by the cog road and remain overnight to witness the glorious sunrise, the like of which is never seen on the lowlands. The Westminster Hotel, Boston, a favorite rendezvous for automobiles, is also in this system of establishments.

The Maplewood Hotel and Cottages, Bethlehem, Leon H. Cilley, manager, is one of the gems of the mountains. The fame of Maplewood is justly due to its grand location on an extensive plateau in the very heart of the White Mountains; to its commanding view of the towering Presidential Range to the eastward, and of the more or less distant peaks which complete the circle of its romantic surroundings; to an atmosphere of singular purity and healthfulness; to its beautiful walks and drives; to its bountiful supply of mountain spring water, and to the Maplewood establishment, consisting of the hotel and cottages, Maplewood Park and Maplewood Farm. There are accommodations for four hundred and fifty people. The Maplewood Casino is conveniently located nearly opposite the hotel, a gem of convenience and architectural beauty. It has spacious balconies overlooking the golf links and ball grounds, and contains a grand music and dance hall, with stage and

settings, a cozy social room and other conveniences for pleasure and comfort. Broad balconies on three sides afford extensive views of mountains in New Hampshire, Vermont and Southern Canada. Some of the favorite runs, with distances from the Maplewood, are as follows:

	Miles
Bethlehem.....	1 $\frac{3}{4}$
Bethlehem, by Austin Farm	2
Mount Agassiz.....	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Around the Heater.....	5
Wing Road.....	3
Echo Farm.....	5
Kimball Hill.....	5
Littleton.....	6
Franconia.....	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
Whitefield.....	7
Forest Lake.....	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
Gilmanton Hill.....	6
Cherry Valley around.....	8
Twin Mountain.....	7
River Drive by Apthrop.....	7
Sugar Hill	9 $\frac{1}{2}$
Gale River around	9 $\frac{1}{2}$
Fabyans.....	10 $\frac{1}{4}$
Mount Pleasant House.....	11
Mount Washington House.....	12
Crawford.....	16
Willey House	17 $\frac{1}{2}$
Jefferson.....	17
Echo Lakes.....	10
Profile House.....	10 $\frac{1}{2}$
Old Man of the Mountain	11
Flume and Pool.....	17

The last four may be combined in one trip, making one of the finest excursions in the mountains.

The wide variety of attractions and the natural advantages of Bethlehem are everywhere recognized. It typifies the best features of this famous region, in that its scenery is grand beyond compare—its climate cool, healthful and invigorating to the last degree—its surroundings picturesque as those of the most highly cultivated parks. The golf links of Bethlehem Park Association are the scene during the season of many a spirited contest among famous players. The course comprises a beautiful tract of land seventy-five acres in extent, and the distance of nine holes is about a mile and a half.

Prominent among the popular hostleries of Bethlehem is the Sinclair Hotel, which for years has enjoyed so wide and favorable attention that its growth has been practically continuous. Established in 1859, it is to-day, nevertheless, modern in all its furnishings and equip-



MAPLEWOOD HOTEL



THE SINCLAIR

ments; little of the original structure yet remains. The Sinclair of to-day is a large modern hotel of the most approved construction. The enviable patronage it has enjoyed has made it possible for the management to place it foremost among resort hotels in all details of environment and service. Noteworthy among its many attractions is the comfortable and homelike atmosphere which everywhere obtains. This is manifest to the guest from the moment of his arrival, and never fails to appeal to the stranger and the sojourner alike. The site it occupies was selected because of the exceptional advantages it enjoys in the way of cool, dry and equable climatic conditions.

Places of interest with their distances from the Sinclair:

	Miles
Mount Washington.....	17
Profile House.....	10
Echo Lake.....	10
Profile Lake.....	10
Old Man of the Mountains.....	10
The Basin.....	14
The Flume.....	17
Lancaster.....	17
Jefferson.....	17
Whitefield.....	8½
Kimball Hill.....	8
Crawford House.....	17
Crawford, on White Mountain Notch.....	20
Franconia Notch.....	10
Fabyan House.....	13
Mt. Pleasant House.....	13½
The Mount Washington House.....	14
Twin Mountain House.....	8

	Miles
Littleton.....	5
Littleton, via Franconia.....	10
Littleton, via Scythe Factory Road ..	5
Littleton, via Wing Road.....	7
North Conway.....	43
Willey House.....	22
Franconia.....	5½
Around the Heater.....	5
Jackson.....	40
Gorham.....	33
Glen House.....	34
Sugar Hill.....	9
Bethlehem Hollow.....	3
Gale River Drive.....	10
Cherry Valley Drive.....	5
Lisbon.....	14
Summit of Mt. Agassiz.....	3
Echo Farm.....	3½
Burn's Pond (Whitefield).....	9
Pine Hill (Littleton).....	6

There is probably no finer single view in the White Mountains than that from the top of Sugar Hill, Franconia, N. H., across the valley from the Forest Hills Hotel. In this section, as in Bethlehem, the hotel and cottage idea is carried out in a form that is pleasing to a great many summer tourists. One may either live entirely at the hotel or rent one of the cottages and have all the advantages of the larger establishment without any of its admitted disadvantages. The sign "Franconia Inn, — miles," is frequently seen through this particular district, referring to the homelike hostelry owned and managed by Robert P. Peckett.

This gentleman played host to the AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE staff one of the



HAMPSHIRE INN, COLEBROOK

days they were in the mountains, and they went away with a new idea of the man's spirit and enterprise. Mr. Peckett is an ex-New Yorker who has become thoroughly satisfied with his fine New Hampshire home as an all-year residence. There is no more loyal friend of the White Mountains, and he incidentally made the characteristic remark that he would rather have two new rivals start up in his vicinity than have a single one now there fail. You feel at home with such a host for a day, or a season.

Situated on the slope of one of the most beautiful hills in all New England, elevated 1,500 feet above the sea, the Franconia Inn offers to its guests all the comforts of a cultured and refined abiding place. The building, arranged in the form of a square, with an open court, has liberal piazzas, commanding views of scenic beauty, and affords light, comfort, and luxury. The valleys, the hills, the distant mountain ranges spreading out before the vision create a feeling of freedom which, combined with the pure air and its life-giving



FRANCONIA INN, SUGAR HILL



MOUNT KEARSARGE FROM INTERVALE HOUSE

qualities, ensures the most perfect enjoyment of health and pleasure. Smoking rooms, billiard and pool rooms, a Dutch room, and other equally attractive features are provided for the entertainment of guests. Through express trains from New York and Boston reach Littleton, the nearest station, where comfortable conveyances will meet guests when notice of arrival has been given. There is a first-class livery, golf links, telegraph and telephone in connection with the Inn.

No summer resort in the White



Mountains has a more enviable and well-deserved reputation than Intervale, N. H. It is alike fortunate in the charm which attaches to its name and in the beauty of its location, the variety, picturesqueness, and grandeur of its surroundings, the healthfulness of its climate, and the excellence of its hotel accommodations. Situated one and a half miles above North Conway, its landscape views of mountains, meadow, and forest are not to be surpassed in New England. A variety of delightful drives and walks form an especial attraction of this place, affording direct communication with all the interesting points of interest in the vicinity. No summer resort among the White Mountains is more favored in this particular than Intervale. Especially charming for long drives are those to the Crawford House, through the famous Crawford Notch, and to the Glen House site, at the base of Mount Washington, through the Pinkham Notch, a distance of eighteen miles. The list of shorter drives is a most attractive one, including those to

points of special interest about Intervale itself and several to surrounding towns.

Among the more popular of these drives may be mentioned the New Hurricane Mountain drive, through the Cathedral Woods; that to Jackson, going by the Goodrich Falls road and returning over Thorn Mountain; the Humphrey Ledge and Echo Lake drive, returning by the west side of the Saco, known as the Humphrey Ledge road. The finest view obtainable from Intervale is that from Mount Surprise. This hill lies directly behind the hotel and is within easy walking distance through the wooded paths of the Cathedral Pine Woods.

Of the half-dozen and more excellent hotels at Intervale, the Intervale House is the finest and largest. Its proprietor, Herbert S. Mudgett, is the enthusiastic

owner of a fine automobile, and as such is not only a pioneer among White Mountain hotel men, but also a loyal friend of the sport. Below are some of the pleasant excursions from Intervale:

	Miles
Mount Kearsarge (5 miles to top).....	2
Mount Surprise.....	2½
Echo Lake Ledges Cathedral.....	6
Humphrey Ledges.....	5
Goodrich Falls.....	6
Jackson Falls.....	7
Top Humphrey's Ledge.....	6
Hurricane Mountain.....	5
Ridge Ride.....	11
Fryeburg.....	12
Lovewell's Pond.....	14
Highland Park.....	14
Over Thorn Hill to Jackson.....	7
Glen Ellis Falls.....	17
Round Ledges.....	14
Swift River.....	19
Chocorua Lake.....	18
Crawford House.....	25
Mount Washington.....	28

Wentworth Hall and Cottages, Jackson, N. H., is open from June to Octo-



WENTWORTH HALL AND COTTAGES



"An Ever Changing Panorama"

ber and accommodates 250 guests. It is situated upon a charming plateau, a mile or more across, surrounded by an emerald setting of mountain beyond mountain. Its proprietor is General M. C. Wentworth who, during the winter, is the manager of the Raymond, Pasadena, Cal.

A thousand feet beyond the Hall rises Wentworth Castle, built of common field stones, the private residence of General and Mrs. Wentworth. From the stone porch and loggia, the entire valley and Wentworth Hall and Cottages make a picture ever new and charming.

Encircled with a rim of glorious hills, over which cloud shadows chase each other continually, a changeful panorama enchants the eye. The sentinel pine,

the tumbling torrent, the graceful hills, the cloud-compelling mountains, forever present new scenes to the lover of the beautiful. On one side is Mount Washington, on the other Kearsarge, both within easy driving distance, while Thorn Mountain, Tin Mountain, Double-head, Black Mountain, Spruce Mountain, Giant's Stairs, Iron Mountain, the Moat Range, and a host of others guard this happy valley, which is encircled by the Wildcat and Glen Ellis Rivers. Both of these noted streams unite their forces near Wentworth Hall, and flow on to the Saco, three miles distant.

The Glen Ellis Falls, not far distant from Wentworth Hall, are notable for their picturesque beau-

ty. The high narrow stream that goes dashing over a precipitous cliff, reminds the traveler somewhat of the Falls of Montmorenci, in the Province of Quebec, and forms unquestionably one of the prettiest waterfalls conceivable. The Jackson Upper Falls are in marked contrast, being broader and less precipitous. A series of falls or cascades form a swift volume of water with eddies and rapids.

"I have visited every part of the White Mountains during the last thirty years," said a gentleman, in the summer of 1894, "and from a critical study of all portions, I am certain that no other place unites so much that is desirable and delightful as the valley and the hills of Jackson." This section will be covered on what will probably be the first

of the two days' tours during the week of the automobile tournament.

At the foot of Iron Mountain, and just at the southern entrance to the village of Jackson, stand the attractive buildings of the Iron Mountain House, surrounded by spacious grounds and overlooking the rushing waters of Glen Ellis River. Broad piazzas surround the house and command extended views southward to Moat Mountain, eastward to the Thorn and Double Head Ranges, and again northward over the village into the Carter Notch. From the summer house, close at hand, one of the most effective views of Mount Washington and the Peabody Glen to be found in this region is obtained.

The village of Jackson is pre-eminently an attractive and picturesque one, consisting as it does principally of modern hotels and elegant villas, with a few thrifty farms scattered about on the hillsides, and absolutely none of the objections possessed by larger or by manufacturing towns. The fact that it is sufficiently removed from the railways to insure absolute quiet is still another desideratum and serves to attract the most desirable element of the summer travel, and at the same time enjoying a social life that is at once active and refined. The Iron Mountain House, of which Mr. W. A. Meserve is manager, opens early in June of each year and remains open until late in October. It will also be opened during the winter months for parties who wish to visit the mountains a short time to enjoy

the beautiful scenery, fine sleighing and snowshoeing.

Among the points of interest easily reached from Jackson are:

	Miles.
North Conway	8
Glen Station.....	2½
Bartlett.....	9
Jericho Road.....	4
Intervale Park.....	7
Kearsarge Village.....	8
Mount Surprise.....	9
Kearsarge Mountain.....	9
Thorn Hill.....	8
Goodrich Falls.....	1
Iron Mountain.....	4
Thorn Mountain.....	3½
Glen House.....	12
Crawford House.....	24
Glen Ellis Falls.....	8½
Crystal Cascade.....	9½
Tuckerman's Ravine.....	9½
Winniweta Falls.....	4
Mount Washington, via Glen House.....	20
Jackson Falls.....	¾
Hurricane Mountain Drive.....	12

Colebrook, New Hampshire, is situated on the Connecticut river, at a point ten miles from the Canadian



A Fair Sample of a Mountain Road

boundary and thirty-nine miles in an air line from Mount Washington, and twenty-three miles from Errol Dam, the lower steamer landing of the Rangeley Lake Chain. While not on the schedule for either of the two days' tours through the mountains during tournament week, a number of automobilists have made runs into that district, and found ample accommodations for themselves and their machines at the Hampshire Inn and Cottages. Mr. F. G. Parsons, manager of the Inn, has spared no effort to make it a country resort for refined people, and a plentiful supply of gasolene is kept on hand for tourists.



Casino, Maplewood

Of the seventy or seventy-five separate excursions that may be taken from Colebrook, the Dixville Notch drive is the most impressive, with a good dinner at the Balsams, the new hotel that takes the place of the Dix House, which was formerly owned by the proprietor of The Hampshire Inn. The scenery at the Notch differs entirely from that in any section of the White Mountain region, being more rugged and grand than either the Crawford or Franconia Notches. This famous Notch is not merely a valley between two hills, but is a vast mountain rent asunder by volcanic action in the prehistoric ages.

There is so much other beautiful scenery that space prevents any mention of it all; suffice it to say, that one might drive every pleasant day for an entire summer and not go over the same road twice. The Inn is situated one mile from the station at Colebrook, and one-half mile from the Connecticut river. Having to turn away people every year, the management has built a new cottage for extra rooms. The cottage is built of logs, sided and split, giving the effect of logs on the outside and laying perfectly smooth on the inside, and being much drier than the house would be, made of whole logs.

Inside the cottage is sheathed, making it very warm for fall use. A detour from the nearer New Hampshire resorts to Colebrook, and a stop at the Hampshire Inn, would be well worth while.

The Ravine House, Randolph, N. H., L. M. Watson, proprietor, a comfortable headquarters for tourists in the White Mountains, is easily reached from Gorham or Whitefield, N. H. It is well

situated at the head of the Presidential Range, and commands a fine view of Mounts Adams and Madison, and of King's Ravine, from which the house takes its name. This house accommodates sixty guests, has open fireplaces, hot and cold baths, a lawn tennis court, and everything necessary is provided for the comfort of guests, whether they come by train or by automobile.

All the important points of interest in the White Mountains are within easy driving distance, the summits and ravines of the Presidential and Carter-Moriah ranges are readily accessible, and for those who like walking and

mountain climbing this place has no superior in the White Mountain region. The Ravine House is open from June 15 to November 1. It will also be open during the winter to accommodate parties desiring to make excursions to Mounts Adams and Madison, or into King's Ravine, at that season. *

At this writing everything that could be done had been done in the way of preparation for a banner tournament. Entries have come in from several quarters, sufficient to insure a representative gathering and a goodly list of competitors. The fact that an experienced and

work when the emergency comes, and the car that can point to a superior record along these lines must necessarily appeal to the public confidence. Some nervy and skilful driver may come to the front on this occasion who will eclipse the Nestman record.

It is usually a little later before the full mid-summer rush is on, but all of the hotel people are making preparations for an unusual mid-July crowd. This assures ample accommodations for all who can go. Returning visitors will have a chance to see the change that has come about in this superb touring



capable driver could lower by nearly an hour what was the record only a year ago, on the first trip he had ever made up the road, is a good sign of further possibilities in this direction. It would not be surprising if, in the rivalries that will develop when the competition is actually on, some records should result that will add anything yet lacking in the way of conviction that in New Hampshire is the best and most accessible trying-out place for the most important requirements of a touring car, namely, hill climbing capability. There is more or less call for extraordinary

district since their last visits. Gradually the hotel and other interests have become friendly to the automobile, its owners and users—a great forward step in which the educational work of the last year in general, and the past month in particular, counts for a great deal. The old-time hostility to the motor car turned first into indifference, and then into the belief that the automobile will be of vast assistance in improving the road systems of the State.

And as the spirit of the section has changed, the accommodations for motor cars have been increased. No longer is

a tourist obliged to depend entirely upon his own resources, as was necessary only a few years ago. A well equipped garage has been established at Bretton Woods, where anything in the way of ordinary repairs can be secured. Gasolene, lubricants and other supplies are also obtainable in several of the towns. Duplicate parts not kept on hand can be secured by telephone or telegraph from Boston, Springfield, or even from New York, to be shipped the same day, arriving the following morning. This progress will be appreciated by those who have been disappointed on previous visits to the White Mountains.

Climbing the mountain is only an incident—although, of course, the most talked-of incident—in the week's campaign. At least two days of the tournament will be given to touring in and about the region. The inspection party made a complete circle of the resorts, not only to prove that a one day's trip from the base of Mount Washington will take an automobile party to the farthest extreme of this district and back again, but also to thoroughly explore the routes, get acquainted with the people in the towns passed through, and make arrangements for any entertainment that might be needed on the way. The tours will be conducted by experienced men, familiar with the locality, and every effort made to bring out the pleasure possibilities of touring in this section. Those who come to the

White Mountains for this tour will be under no necessity of looking up the roads and routes, though no advance knowledge will come amiss. Every effort has been made to provide all necessary information and lay out the routes in such a way that time and attention can be given wholly to the enjoyment of the occasion. The two days' trips will explore practically all of the White Mountains, taking in all the principal attractions.

Those who do not want to undertake the supreme test of climbing Mount Washington will find plenty of endurance material in the two days' tours. They will, however, find the roads well drained and not so bad after a rain as the average suburban road. People who desire to escape for a short season from the busy hum of commercial life or the exacting attention required in a professional career can find no more enjoyable outing than this. It is "out of the world," and still in it; for while the location is off of beaten paths, the presence of handsome hotels, with every facility for entertainment, enable the sojourner to enjoy the manifold advantages of civilization. Good roads offer a variety of interesting excursions, and the side-trips are endless in variety; more than that, a trip made to-day is a new trip to-morrow. You may choose shaded highways, woodland trails, cross-country or mountain roads, and do it all in the superb independence of your own motor car.



MAINLY ABOUT MEN AND MOTORS



THERE were giants in those days." So runs the story in the book which has more readers and more believers than any book ever published. In these days we have only babies, if we are to believe what the New York police tell us. Thanks to yellow journalism and "all the news that's fit to print" for one cent, the practice of stoning automobilists, particularly defenceless women, has become epidemic in and around New York, which means the same thing will become equally prevalent in other parts of the country unless just for this once history fails to repeat itself, and I see no reason why it should so fail. Yet while women are being struck senseless, drivers blinded and automobiles in consequence overturned or lost control of, the New York police are arresting as the guilty perpetrators of all this only children of five years of age or less. This means one of the three things: either the New York police are

incapable of arresting any one whose age is greater than five years; the five year old children of this city and vicinity are the strongest and most vicious of their kind in the world or to be unfortunate enough to be arrested for stoning automobiles automatically makes those arrested but five years of age. I don't know which one of the foregoing three is correct, but I do know this, and I have it upon the best of legal advice that any automobilist who finds

himself the target for stone throwers, with the result that his own life and that of others is thereby jeopardized has the right to use a weapon in his defence. Furthermore, I am prepared to say that any man in such a position can feel perfectly safe in shooting at those stoning him with absolute certainty that any one of them he may be lucky enough to plug will be found to have



safely passed his fifth birthday by not less than five years ago. Five years old, eh! Well, even a policeman ought to blush at such an excuse for his unwillingness or incompetence in such a matter as this.



THE writer is not a crank on air-cooled engines but he, like many others, is looking them over and watching their development, for I believe that if we can do away with the water-cooled feature of the explosive motor, we will be simplifying automobile construction, especially in the engine part. I have been talking air-cooled engines to Charles Jarrott, of London, and in several letters the great English driver and head of the firm of Charles Jarrott and Letts, Ltd., takes issue with me in regard to air-cooled motors and stands pat on the proposition that England won't have them any more than France will. Mr. Jarrott apparently has no overwhelming desire to be any John the Baptist preaching the gospel of air cooled in the air-cooled wilderness of Great Britain. Now, I am willing to admit that Charles Jarrott knows more about engines in one minute than I will ever learn in a year, and I do not want to set myself up as having an adverse opinion about engines when Jarrott speaks, still I can only point to such a firm as Knox and again to another one in this State, both of whom seemingly have been successful in making and marketing a satisfactory engine minus any water jacket. It would seem to me that the air-cooled engine should have a better chance to succeed in England than it has in this more or less torrid climate, so I still believe that Charles Jarrott and Letts, Ltd., will be selling air-cooled engines before many moons have passed over their heads. It is quite true that the French have tried the air-cooled game and quit it, and I presume the English have tried it also, but we, in this country, with the run-

about especially, have found success an air-cooled way.

I have to admit however that some trouble has been experienced with the air-cooled touring car made in this State and that the owner of one of these stated that he could not drive his car ten miles without the engine becoming too hot; this, however, may have been the fault of construction in this particular motor, as I understand it has no room for a fan and the absence of that may have caused the trouble. Speaking of this New York manufacturer reminds me that he is known everywhere as a pretty tough proposition when it comes to buying publicity. He wrote one of his agents the other day that he did not believe in complimentary newspaper notices and argued that the papers publishing anything of the kind were not worthy of his advertising support. This seems rather strange and it appears still stranger when this particular New York State oddity frequently sends me his catalogues and other reading matter. I wonder what he sends it to me for!

I'VE heard a lot of people ask why people buy an automobile, but I never heard anyone answer the query in any better shape than Charles E. Duryea in a little pamphlet wherein he says:

"Some people traveling abroad save time and greatly increase their pleasure by buying a touring car with a skilled mechanic to run it. It is locomotive at the front, luxurious car at the rear, and on the magnificent roads of France gives splendid service. That's good sense.

"Some people, never having been abroad and never averaging one week per year of touring, buy a 'touring car.' The car has many levers, the brassy finish and the general appearance of the foreign article, but it usually lacks two

necessary features—the engineer to keep in order its complicated mechanism and the superb roads required by its weight and construction. That's snobbishness.

"Some people buy because others do. They do not inquire whether the vehicle they select will prove practical in their hands, be powerful enough for their roads, be safe under their management or any other practical question. It has no horses and the paint is pretty. That's shortsightedness.

"Some people buy for practicability—a carriage to carry them wherever they wish to go, a construction of sufficient power and strength, and of suitable design to meet their road conditions, to increase their pleasure, to assist in their business, to save their time and money, to carry them wherever they want to go. That's intelligence."

Don't you agree with me that each of us is in one or the other of these four classes? Though, of course, we reserve the right to be so classified without necessarily accepting Mr. Duryea's contention that we are in consequence either wise, foolish, snobbish, shortsighted, or intelligent.



THE delivery wagon end of the automobile business in a manufacturing and utility way promises to become equally as important if not more so that the passenger part of it now is. Much depends on the commercial or delivery wagon feature of the automobile making business and if the present indications counts for anything, it is not too much to expect that we shall see, within ten years' time or less, the bulk of the light and heavy truck and deliv-

ery business done by mechanically propelled vehicles. It will be a glorious thing to see the horse relieved of all this work which has been his portion from time immemorial and to know of the relegation of our faithful friend to paddock and stable, or to the shafts of the pleasure vehicle. Our streets will then be in better condition and economy will be brought to the front which will be very gratifying to commercial as well as humane interests.

The Consolidated Motor Co., of New York, so its president, Henry C. Cryder, informs me, intends to make commercial vehicles the leading feature of the company's manufacture. It is noteworthy in this connection that the general manager of the American Express Co. wrote Mr. Cryder recently making the statement that the Express Co. had tested his motor truck for four weeks and that the company had found the saving resulting from doing so to be fully twenty per cent. as compared with the expense of running horse-drawn wagons. This goes to prove that the big transportation companies will dispense with the horse as soon as the automobile maker is ready to supply the animal's mechanical supplanter.

If the State of Florida had just a few more men like Senator A. S. Mann, the interests of good roads in the "Alligator State" would have an efficient force which would mean much for a cause for which so many think but so few really work for. Senator Mann awake and asleep breathes the gospel of good roads, and to-day he is the leader of the crusade for decent highways, not only in his own State, but in the counsels of the National Good Roads Association, being the chief organizer of the national body. Allied with the Senator in the State of Florida are many other able men who are working for the improvement and

building of roads fit to walk and drive upon, and not the least of these is his distinguished son-in-law, Governor Jennings, who made an address at the Ormond-Daytona Automobile Tournament last winter. One of Senator Mann's pet schemes is a road three-fourths beach and one-fourth shell, from Jacksonville to Ormond, a distance of 225 miles. This road, Senator Mann thinks, could be built at a cost of less than \$100,000, and he is in hopes that some scheme will be devised to construct it before he dies. As the Senator is comparatively a young man, he has reasonable hopes that he will be able, within the next five years, to ride in an automobile along this 225-mile road he has planned and worked so hard for.



POSSIBLY the three parts of a motor which have severally and collectively caused the most trouble to the automobilist in the past, if they are not causing it in the present, have been the tire, the carburettor and the spark plug. Of course, those recently come into automobiling do not know what trouble is as compared with those who have gone before them and paved the way for the driver of to-day to enjoy himself almost carefree. It is the same old story over again. The pioneer had to meet all the rough knocks and through them come to perfection. Spark plugs were a source of much annoyance in the past, but to-day the driver has a very fair lot of really good spark plugs, like the Bullock Beresford, for instance, with which he is reasonably sure of securing and using a reliable article. The enterprise of this Cleveland concern and its aggressive advertising have caused wide and favorable comment. I am told

that the unique advertising is the product of Arthur R. Bullock, who seems to me to be quite as able to advertise as he is to construct. It ought not, however, to be very difficult to sell this plug since it can be fitted to any engine and its makers claim it absolutely eliminates induction and spark coils of every description while it requires but six common dry battery cells to do it all with.

"THERE is not enough talk, not enough argument, about the different points of construction in automobiles nowadays, and the dealers are to blame for it." This was said to me by a man of several years' experience as an owner who is himself in the trade now. He continued: "You do not hear drivers arguing over the different parts of their vehicles and contending for this or that form of motor power the way they formerly did. Buyers are just as much interested in the mechanical arguments as ever, and just as willing to argue them as ever, but they are not furnished the material by the men who sell them automobiles. The salesmen do not go into details and explain every part and give the reasons why, as they formerly did. It was the points they obtained from dealers that keep the earlier lot of automobilists arguing. It may sound strange to say that salesmen do not talk enough, but, in my estimation, such is the fact.

"The salesmen have wearied of dilating upon the relative merits of means and methods of generating and transmitting power, of this fitment and that's superiority over all others, etc. They seem to think that all people understand these matters or do not care about hearing the pro or con of them, but this is a mistake. The desire to know the reason why and to argue is an innate human propensity. There are a lot of newcomers of last year and this who do not

understand anything about an automobile. They would be glad to do so, but the salesmen do not volunteer to fill them up, and newcomers now feel a bit ashamed to confess ignorance. Now, the point I want to make is that the discussion of such things in the club house and on the road is what held the interest and made enthusiasm. When folks talked automobiles more they rode more. The dealers feel glad that the day of 'talking points' has passed. They should feel sorry. There are as many 'talking points' on automobiles as ever, and they should be talked. It has not been settled just yet what is best or what is perfect in the designing, building or running of a motor vehicle, and it will not be settled soon.

"If all such matters were agreed upon, every manufacturer would build alike. There have been tremendous improvements in factory methods and processes, and people have not kept pace with them. A man who loves a motor, like one who loves a horse, wants to know its anatomy, or enough of it to understand and appreciate its fine points. If owners were kept better posted by the salesmen, they would be more interested in their vehicles, and there would be more enthusiasm. They should be kept talking. For the sake of the users themselves I want to see the discussion of mechanical points kept going, and for the sake of the trade it should be. The drivers who understand and argue are the best customers. The men who adhere to old-time methods and give arguments for their constructional features are the best salesmen."

ALTHOUGH one reads and hears a great deal about the suburbs, it is town which is the attraction. The restaurant keepers, the hotel men, the milliners, the theaters and other attractions of town may well go on their

knees and offer thanks for the motor car. It has brought everybody into town, and although they may stay out in the country nominally, there is not a day but that many drive at least forty or fifty miles. It makes the house party possible in America. You must confess that before the coming of the automobile American house parties were a little dull. There was nothing to do. There were no places of much interest to be driven to, and you could not play golf all day, and there was no shooting for the men. Bridge became monotonous and members of the party had to find refuge in solitaire. Now all is changed. You are bored; you call for a motor—and the stables of the multi-millionaire entertainer are filled with them—and off you are for a day's shopping, a peep into a matinee, a bite at Delmonico's or Sherry's, and back home.



IF the old saying, "coming events cast their shadows before them," comes true, it would seem certain that the much-talked of national tour to St. Louis is already doomed to be either a slimly attended affair or a total failure, so far, at least, as representation from the East is concerned. This opinion is based entirely on the complete failure of the recent New York to Gettysburg tour of the Automobile Club of America, which run had less than half a dozen participants, and lasted only as far as Philadelphia. This is indeed to be regretted, because it was the first tour of the season undertaken by a responsible organization, and the fact that less than half a dozen machines reached the Quaker City gives ground for the often-made assertion that touring in a large company is either not desirable or practi-

cable where automobiles are concerned. Surely, if a run in the latter part of May, the most pleasant month of the year except fall months, will not attract tourists, what reason is there to think that one in the month of July with its dust and dirt will appeal to the rank and file of automobilists?

Touring in large numbers, in my opinion, is not the best way to tour, for if there are more than two vehicles in close company it means additional dust and added discomfort. This thought was expressed the other night in a meeting of the N. J. Automobile and Motor Cycle Club, when one member, in response to my suggestion that we have frequent club runs, suggested that we do not go in a large party, but that each machine go its own way, make its own pace and then all meet at an appointed place for dinner or lunch, as the case might be. This idea of runs I really believe is the right one, since as with such a plan there will be less dust stirred up to accumulate on a person, besides which such a plan will also give clubs and individuals a better idea of the various roads and their condition, because of the drivers taking different routes to arrive at the same destination. This thought leads to the belief that club life cannot be held together merely by club runs, which, as they are usually conducted, are really only mere excuses for the most part to encourage scorching and to accumulate dirt. Club communion can best be maintained by interchange of thought in the club house, or around the festive board at suburban or country resorts where a number of members can meet after individual runs to the rendezvous. Furthermore, it is exceedingly doubtful if the cause of automobiling itself is advanced any by a mass of motorists journeying through the country exhibiting their dusty and forlorn condition before people whose beliefs are that

a gentleman's clothes and face should always be cleanly. The owners of a horse-drawn conveyance with its well and cleanly clad occupants, spick and span footman and driver, can not be expected to do other than look with more or less commiseration on the automobilist who has just finished a hard run through dusty country in company. It is not at all unlikely that the very fear of getting into such a condition would prevent the owner of the horse-drawn vehicle from purchasing a substitute therefor, which by personal inspection he has seen entails so much discomfort, if he judges all automobiling by the samples the average company of tourists afford.

Another phase of the question in regard to touring en masse is the certainty of thereby arousing antagonism on the part of those who still are "automobilious." The rushing past of a body of tourists through a quiet country will never do the cause as much good as would the passing of one or two individual tourists who stop by the way and proceed at their leisure, without any particular schedule to follow.

The question of an adequate supply of fuel and other things in the various stopping places will be one of the hard nuts, such a run as the New York to St. Louis will have to crack.

I asked a man away up in the councils of the elect if there was any great enthusiasm being shown on the part of the automobile trade in the proposed tour to St. Louis. His reply was both characteristic and convincing:

"Enthusiasm?" he repeated, "you might as well try to work up a riot for more coal in hell."

From this I conclude that people are not falling all over themselves for the privilege of having taken from them in St. Louis any of the few dollars which

might possibly have escaped the highway robbers on the road there who do business under the somewhat less criminal name of repairsmen.

THEY'RE at it again! French physicians have added a new disease to those that afflict humanity. They call it "locomotor hysteria." L. H., so its French discoverers declare, manifests itself in an insane hurry to get over the ground. A fellow who has this disease, and has it bad, can't stand anything slow. If he goes driving, instead of enjoying the scenery, he beats his horse into a continual gallop, and when the beast drops exhausted, like the hero of the ballad, "he gets another mile out by twisting of its tail." He runs to catch a train or ferryboat when there's not the slightest need. But of course he's at his worst when he takes command of a motor and proceeds to slay miles and pedestrians. Then he becomes that modern terror, the scorcher. Diagnosing scorching as a disease, it is seriously proposed to carry the scorcher, when he is caught, to a hospital where he may be detained for some weeks and treated for his malady precisely like any other monomaniac. It is to laugh.



THE conservative, which means the safe element in automobiling, is beginning to question the advisability of allowing on the public roads automobiles equipped with more than about 40 H. P. It is generally admitted that 40 actual H. P. is about as much as any man should be allowed to turn loose on the public highway and this applies to racing as well as to pleasure and commercial traffic. It is a most dangerous thing for the best interests of the sport to allow machines of 60, 80 or more H. P. to be

driven indiscriminately in the midst of traffic. A big, snorting, abnormal machine only increases the public's fear and distrust of the sport, as well of those who are responsible therefor. The time is coming when there will be a law compelling outcry against allowing these mammoth machines on the public highway. Public sentiment in regard to automobiles is just now going through a crucial test and it should be the part of all conservative automobilists to assist in every possible way the holding down of the lid of adverse public opinion, thereby preventing a grave injury to what must eventually become a great national utility.



IT is good time, in fact the time has long been overdue, when some association should vigorously take up the regulating or the endeavor to regulate the conduct of the average repair shop. The incompetency and ignorance displayed by some of these alleged repair men are enough to discourage the most enthusiastic automobilist. Graduating from the blacksmithy or the lawn mower factory a lot of repair shop proprietors would be more at home mending a plowshare than they are when dealing with the intricate mechanism of an engine. When this all comes home to you personally it is apt to make more of an impression on you than it does when the troubles are those of the other fellow. While I do not mind contributing a little to the financial welfare of a good square repairer in the case of mishaps, which are liable to occur to any vehicle, I do, however, object to the work of a couple of repair shops I had the misfortune to try recently. I have no fault to find with their charges, but

I certainly do find fault with their workmanship, which, to put it mildly, is of the tentative order. It seems to me that it would be the part of wisdom in ninety cases out of a hundred for the inexperienced motor owner to do his own repairing or to make, at least, the attempt to do so rather than to trust it to the present crop of automobile repair incompetents.

Only last week a young driver, who knows a good deal more about a motor than does the average repair man, found that something had gone wrong with his machine; he turned the refractory vehicle into the repair shop where his employer stored the machine. Wishing to remedy the trouble himself and believing that he was capable of doing so, he proceeded to strip the vehicle, and soon had the matter adjusted, much to the annoyance of the owner of the garage. Two days later the young man was dismissed by his employer. The reason for the dismissal is not difficult to imagine; the repair man, envious of the work and knowledge of the boy, which kept the repair man from an excuse for sending in a bill, had persuaded the young man's employer that he was too dangerous a man to be placed in charge of a car and so brought about his discharge. This is only one instance in a thousand, if you take the trouble to look around some of the New York alleged repair shops where a system of robbery and jobbery is the whole program all the time. The repair shop that will have the privilege of hoisting some reliable sign which will tell people that the work and conduct of such shops is supervised by some national association, which guarantees it being an efficient shop, will be given more business than it can attend to by the unfortunate and suffering automobile-owning public who have paid long and well for the grossest of incompetence.

PRESIDENT WINDSOR WHITE is now sampling the roads of Europe with a party traveling in two White steamers. If these vehicles do as well and merit as much favorable comment as did the White steamer over the Gordon Bennett course in Ireland last summer the fame of at least one Cleveland product will do much to overcome the poor opinion Europe has of Cleveland automobiles as the result of the exhibition thereof they had on this same Irish course. Mr. White, who is president of the American Automobile Manufacturers' Association, went abroad chiefly to see the Gordon Bennett race run, but as he also needed a vacation he combined the two in a trip which must be a very satisfactory arrangement to him and to his party. The White steamer makes friends everywhere. This was demonstrated to me personally the other day in the little town of Hammondsport, where I was spending a day. A local hotel keeper learning that I was interested in automobiles told me this story in his own interesting way:

"One evening last summer," he said, "just as it was getting dark, I sat on this veranda with my wife and children smoking a cigar. All at once my attention was called to six White automobiles which seemed to alight around my hotel from the clouds, as they dropped down so quickly from two directions. They really put me in mind of as many big white swans, so noiselessly did they arrive and so easily did they stop. The party registered and so I learned that they were from Cleveland and among them were Messrs. Windsor T. White and Rollin H. White, both members of the White Sewing Machine Company and heads of the firm making the automobiles bearing their names. I found them delightful people, as plain and as democratic as our own villagers." Here the hotel keeper's wife broke in with the

remark that she had never met nicer ladies. One of the party informed the hotel keeper's wife that it was the birthday of another member of the party, so they all fell to and made a birthday cake, which the wife says was a wonder in the culinary line, and when she says this you can take my word for it that it must have been a wonder, because she herself is an authority in such matters. The next morning the party seated themselves in their machines and the hotel man, Mr. Wadsworth, said they moved off again just as quietly as they had come and were soon lost from sight over the top of a notoriously bad hill over a mile in length. If anyone goes to the small town of Hammondsport and even hints that the White steam automobile and those responsible for it are not all that might be desired he is liable to be either pinched or lynched. At any rate I wouldn't advise him stopping with mine hosts Wadsworth if he be an anti-White.

A VERY pleasant aquamobile function took place at the Columbia Yacht Club when the Lozier Motor Company, through its president, Mr. H. A. Lozier, invited a number of those interested to meet and inspect the latest Lozier motor boat development known as the Shooting Star. After the inspection of the boat and when most of the guests who were not too nervous had taken a trip on the Hudson in the Shooting Star an adjournment was made to the pretty club house, where such as even amateur sailors enjoy. Mr. Lozier had provided a luncheon which means, of course, that the fluid element had not been totally eliminated.

The Shooting Star does not belie her name, judging from her performances for Mr. Lozier's guests, and while Mr. Lozier does not proclaim himself or his boat to be the greatest and latest won-

der in the auto-aquatic swim, nor has he heralded his production "the greatest" in challenges, etc., it is generally understood by those who know that the Shooting Star will not disgrace the well-known name of Lozier. Mr. Lozier even goes so far as to say that he has a lot to learn about automobile boats, but at that he is satisfied with his designer's production in the case of the Shooting Star, though he will not stop at her, but will go right along improving and refining until something approaching perfection is reached.

The Shooting Star had been scarcely warmed up before she was called upon to do battle with the "wonders" that the newspapers had been talking about, but the way she held down the "wonders" on the race up the Hudson quickly and largely increased the number, as well as the enthusiasm of the Lozier adherents. It looks as if the Lozier works at Plattsburgh and Westchester, this State, will soon be among the leaders in speed boats, as they now are in the more serviceable types of pleasure boats.



THE Mount Washington Summit Road Company have very kindly agreed to allow the White Mountain Road Improvement Association to use the company's toll road up the famous mountain, July 11 to 16, inclusive. This decision was reached after many meetings of the company, which owns the greater part of Mt. Washington. This was done at great sacrifice on the part of the toll company, since it not only agreed that the free use of the road be granted to the W. M. R. I. Association for one week, but it also promised to allow no horse-drawn vehicles of any kind

on the road during the week set apart for automobiles, thereby eliminating all possible chance of accidents. After "the climb to the clouds" the toll road will be positively closed to all automobiles of every kind, since it was only upon such an understanding that the toll company granted the privilege to use the road for the week's climb. The result of all this is that records made in a hill-climbing way from July 11 to 16, inclusive, will stand until the next tournament in 1905, so that there will be no question about the records being good for one year. The manufacturer who can say that his vehicle successfully climbed Mt. Washington in a certain time will have about the best advertising asset that he can possibly secure.



IN common, I suppose, with other publishers of automobile literature, THE AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE was favored with a letter from S. F. Edge, London, enclosing a copy of a protest sent by Mr. Edge to the secretary of the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland. This protest gives the club and the public Mr. Edge's ideas in regard to the disbarment or non-selection of Clifford Earp, who qualified for second place in the English elimination trials. Mr. Earp drove the same make of machine as did Mr. Edge and that is possibly one good reason why Mr. Edge was very desirous of having Mr. Earp as a team mate to contest for the Gordon Bennett cup.

Mr. Edge bases his contention on the sole fact that Mr. Earp took second place, ignoring the circumstance that Mr. Earp smashed his machine immediately after the test, through what was generally conceded to be careless, if not

reckless, driving. Furthermore, Mr. Edge seems to have overlooked the fact that a repaired machine would hardly be considered a fit representative on the English team and another machine would call for a second test in which Mr. Earp would be the sole contestant. It is also probable that the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland took into consideration the inadvisability of having as one of the members of their team a driver who had shown such incompetency in handling his machine as might possibly result in a similar disaster on the crowded German course.

THE AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE believes that the responsibility attached to the selection of a team rests alone with the club which has been intrusted with the duty of selection; therefore, it is but right that such club should use every precaution of safeguarding the reputation of its organization as well as the safety of the public.

Mr. Edge sacrifices himself on the altar of his friendship for Clifford Earp, who drove a machine in which Mr. Edge is vitally interested, and Mr. Edge, no doubt, consulted his own interests before those of the great British public, which he now appeals to for vindication of his course. In other words, Mr. Edge would sacrifice England rather than Clifford Earp, who drives one of Mr. Edge's firm's machines and of the two sacrifices, Mr. Edge might have unselfishly sacrificed a little of his firm's interests, rather than that of the country he was asked to represent.

There is a new fool and a new kind of fool born every minute. Not the newest of these, though he is one of the worst, is the idiot who advertises his lack of brains by equipping a \$3 bicycle with a \$15 auto horn. This is not only idiotic, but it is criminal as well. A pedestrian, when a bicycle is coming up behind him,

has no need to hurry out of the way, for the cyclist can easily avoid him. With a motor car the case is different, and anything which tends to confuse the two things should be checked with a firm and even a rough hand.



I HAVE never faltered in my belief that France, no matter what her supremacy to-day might be in automobiling, would in the end have to relinquish her export honors in that direction to both America and Great Britain. This I have always believed and this I still believe, but, until the relinquishment becomes a bit more of an accomplished fact than it is now it is interesting to observe what some of the profits of this supremacy are. In 1901 the value of automobiles exported from France was \$3,000,000; in 1902 it had advanced to nearly \$6,000,000; and in 1903 to \$10,000,000, while the exportation of motor cycles had risen from \$120,000 in 1903 to \$300,000 in 1904. Motor cycles were exported to the value of 600,000f. The imports for last year were valued at only 1,500,000f.

There's a nice little bunch for you, and well worth the striving for even by ourselves and the English, fond as we both are of talking our millions in currency that multiplies the poor little francs of the Frenchman from five to twenty-five times.

A MERICAN automobilists can win in races abroad. This was proven as far back as November 14, 1896, a Duryea automobile built in America won the race from London to Brighton, a distance of 54 miles, beating all com-

petitors by one hour. The prize was a gold medal and the winning of it is the only instance, however, where a American machine beat the foreigners on their own ground. Does not that go to show that America has a look in whenever she makes up her mind to go seriously after the foreigners? The encouragement begotten of the performance of the Duryea in 1896 should cause American manufacturers to gird up their loins in 1905 to battle with anything that challenges them no matter where built. This reminds me that in the early years, say from 1890 to 1895, the foreign manufacturers were no further advanced than we were, but it was between the years of 1895 or 1896 and the commencement of the century that the foreign manufacturer developed the automobile and certainly went far ahead of us during that time. I am not afraid to predict, however, that in the next five years we will not only have overtaken Europe in motor car building, but we will have passed them and be in the lead by a safe distance.



THE American manufacturer and the "blown in the bottle" genuine American are both under obligations to that thorough sportsman, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., who, in offering what will become world famous as the Vanderbilt Road Racing Cup, provides by his deed of gift a sunshade or umbrella for the American trade to find shelter since the cup seems safely anchored so none of those horrid foreigners can lift it and take it to Europe. All tender plants require tender care, so it is well to put the American automobile racing man and his machine in a hot house for a short time so that the cold blasts of competition may not chill the delicate

embryo, nor the hot air of promise scorch either before it has grown sturdy enough to recover.

Of course Mr. Vanderbilt is prescribing rather severe medicine for the foreigner, but it would have been equally severe and unsportsmanlike if the door of competition was closed in the foreigners' faces, as many unlistened-to advisers suggested. Mr. Vanderbilt had in consequence to choose between two very unpleasant alternatives, and his decision seems right under the circumstances. Mr. Vanderbilt may in what he has done be the founder of a future development in racing that in years to come will cause automobilists to look back to their protector with great affection for the timely and generous interest he showed them in the infancy of the sport.

At the time this is written it looks as if the first contest for the Vanderbilt cup will be a noteworthy affair, as THE AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE has already received letters from S. F. Edge and Charles Jarrott, of London, both of whom were anxious to learn something about the rules and how they affect foreigners. As to the rules, the man with the microscope and an acquaintance with race conditions could pick a choice set of flaws in them. There is certainly room for some corrections before the rules are incorporated into book form as fixed and final. It is doubtful, for example, if the Vanderbilt cup should be won by a German if the winner would care to have the French club conduct a race for it on German soil under French rules. Of course, it is well understood that French rules are the basis upon which racing rules all over Europe have been built, but the Germans would quite naturally think that national rules of their own devising would be preferable to any French ones no matter how perfect. Then England, too, is beginning to think herself "some

potatoes" in automobile racing and the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland no doubt feels thoroughly qualified to compile a set of "Rule Britannia" rules that would apply to land as well as to water.

The provision permitting each country to send a team of ten men is a pretty tough proposition. Suppose, for instance, that eight countries should send ten men each and the race, as provided for, sees a man started each minute; this would make eighty men driving on a public road with less than a minute separating each one of them. Should the road be at all dusty there will be little seen of the competitors and it is doubtful if the competitors themselves could distinguish corners or fences in time to avoid cutting across lots. In that ten-men proposition, however, it may be that Mr. Vanderbilt, or some good, kind American, took in consideration that this country would probably be able to furnish ten starters, and if France only sent two or three and England two or three it would look like safe betting in favor of the American team, a case of ten to two or ten to three, as it might be. This clause will also encourage American manufacturers to build a machine to be one of the ten. As to the management of the race itself, there is every reason to believe that it will be thorough and strictly up to date, for Mr. Vanderbilt himself is an authority on foreign racing, having been through the fire of competition in that perfect hell, the race from Paris to Bordeaux, where men offered up their lives on the altar of sport and fierce endeavor.

I would rather go out and spend the long days of golden summer among the clover blossoms of the meadow, raking hay and hornets into large winrows, while they sniff the refreshing odor of the mignonette and the morning glory

and the boiling soft-soap, than to hang like a wart on automobilism. Too many good fellows linger and fritter away the heyday of life and owe most everybody instead of bristling up and winning a deathless name and scads of the wherewith that will prevent the public from frankly acknowledging that they are pan-automobilic "yaller dogs" led around by a string.



PERHAPS it may be because of the honored name he bears, or because of his lid down holding or any other reason, but the fact is that I have heretofore been an admirer of New York's chief executive, Mayor McClellan, but I am afraid that the Mayor will either have to get a new press agent or else change some of his opinions if he expects plain, ordinary mortals like myself to look upon him as a young man deserving of higher honors in the realm of politics. The following from the New York Sun, a paper famous for its accuracy, either has done Mayor McClellan a great injustice or else it has opened the eyes of metropolitan automobilists to the unpleasant fact that while the Mayor holds such opinions the police can not be expected to treat automobilists and their enemies any differently than both are now treated:

Among the many applications to the Board of Estimate yesterday from heads of departments for appropriations and authority to appoint assistants was one from Health Commissioner Darlington, asking for the appointment of a chauffeur at \$600 a year. Dr. Darlington said he had an automobile, but that there was no provision on his payroll for a chauffeur.

"You can't get a man for \$50 a month who will keep your machine in order," said Mayor McClellan.

"And keep out of jail," added Borough President Littleton.

"They all go to jail or deserve to do so," said the Mayor with some feeling.

Now, if Mayor McClellan made such a statement as this he was guilty on three counts: first, all chauffeurs do not go to jail, nor should they all go there; furthermore, a man in the position so important as that of Mayor of the world's second greatest city who so far forgets his office, himself and the facts of a case as to make such a statement as this, is not a man whom I can altogether admire or who, until he has learned to be both a bit more judicial and less hasty in his opinions, can be elevated to higher office. In fact if the statements the Sun has credited him with were really made by him, Mayor McClellan is really not up to the standard his friends have very flatteringly asked he be judged by.



PRESIDENT BURGOYNE, of the Florida East Coast Automobile Association, writes me that at a meeting of the association held at the new club house on the beach it was unanimously voted that a national trial test of American and foreign racing automobiles will be given on the now famous standard speed course of the world, Ormond-Daytona beach, the second week in November. This will insure manufacturers an opportunity of trying out their latest productions, both in racing and stock machines, on this celebrated course in ample time to acquaint the public with what they have got before the annual shows, and, what is more important, before the makers' catalogues go to press. Timing and all other matters will be attended to in the usual thorough Florida fashion, with the assistance of the association's many

friends and one of the latest electric timing devices, which will be used on the job for the first time. The mile stretch at the Ormond end of the course, which is now known as "the Vanderbilt mile," has been used a good deal since the tournament by tourists and others anxious to try their machines over the mile of sand made historical by the Vanderbilt mystic figures, 39. President Burgoyne writes enthusiastically over the association's prospects and says the association will now, in addition to the club house, build a garage, and also a bridge and stairway from the club house to the beach so that visitors can step from the hard sands right into the club house. On the Fourth of July the club proposes to formally open the new house with a grand dinner at which, of course, the "prominents" of Daytona will be present.



REMEMBER me telling you some time ago in these notes how the "commission" game was worked between repairer, chauffeur, et al. to the outrageous robbery of the poor, confiding owner who had to pay for it all. Well, if automobilists over in good old Massachusetts stand for any more of it they will have only themselves to blame and they will be getting no more than they should expect. At the last meeting of the Great and General Court of Massachusetts was passed a law which, if the automobilists of the Bay State will exert themselves in only the slightest degree, will for once and all stop the commission game.

"Whoever," says the act, "gives offers or promises to an agent, employee or servant any gift or gratuity whatever,

with intent to influence his action in relation to his principal's, employer's or master's business, or any agent, employee or servant who receives or accepts a gift or a gratuity or promise, under an agreement or with the understanding that he shall act in any particular manner in relation to his employer's business, shall be punished by a fine of not less than \$10 nor more than \$500, or imprisonment for not longer than one year."

There is a law which, leaving all consideration of automobiles out of the question, should find a prominent place upon the law books of every State in the Union. Also, one good conviction under this law would reduce "the expenses" of running the ordinary big automobile about thirty-five per cent. and the second conviction would bring it down to about one-half what the usual rich owner of a motor vehicle now has to stand for under the delusion that he is paying only for what is necessary.

IT is my intention to let the readers of THE AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE get a snapshot view of certain newspaper men I have met and know. These men, I feel sure, are of sufficient interest to you, my readers, to make certain that whatever space I devote to these mighty men of the press will not be wasted. It is well to begin with one of the Nestors in automobile newspaper circles, so I therefore introduce to you a man who is famous almost nationally, John Chetwynd Wetmore, a descendant of the famous Rhode Island and Connecticut Wetmores, one of whom was a governor of Rhode Island.

I first met Mr. Wetmore about twenty years or so ago; he was then a writer of local news and views and published a paper in Elizabeth, N. J. John C. Wetmore is a graduate of the Columbia Law School and is a superior man from an educational point of view. Why Mr.

Wetmore did not stick to the bar was because, as he will tell you, "All is not gold that glitters," but it is well as it is for there are too many lawyers and entirely too few good newspaper men.

Most every newspaper man likes John Wetmore; they like him for his geniality, which is wide, and for his good heartedness, which is wider still. He may never be rich except in the esteem of his fellowmen, but that is worth much; he is known as a good friend to theatrical combinations at Schenectady and other points, and many a worthy actor and actress has been saved from walking home through a timely appeal to Mr. Wetmore's generosity. One day I went to Mr. Wetmore's office—I go there nearly every day when I am in town—and on the door I found a card saying: "I will return at 1:30. J. C. W." The second inscription read: "I was here at two o'clock. Lottie." The next was: "Was here at 2:30. Lulu." After that came "Was here at 3. Bessie." I added mine to the collection in this fashion: "I too was here at 3:30 and have my opinion of you." But, of course, I didn't mean I had a derogatory opinion because I hadn't. Theatrical acquaintances always entail a certain amount of informal calls.



THERE needn't be any sort of worry on the part of automobile users and builders over the possibility of the total destruction of the rubber trees cutting short the supply of tire making material. If all the rubber trees were uprooted to-morrow and then burned it wouldn't make the slightest bit of difference to concerns like the rhomboidal named tire factory I told you of last month. Last year more than

10,000 tons "scrap," the technical name for anything containing sufficient rubber in its composition to warrant the "rubber" being "reclaimed," were imported from abroad to add to the probable ten times that number of tons which were gathered together by native junkmen. As we import all of our pure rubber and it aggregates but about 25,000 tons per annum, some idea of the importance of this so-called "scrap" plays in the products of certain concerns can readily be figured out.



I SAW something the other day in Syracuse which would make the tortured laugh while roasting on Satan's spit if they have ever had any sense of humor. I would have given much to have gotten a snap shot of it all, but I had left my camera at my hotel. Mr. Arthur C. Benjamin, who is variously known as "Air-Cooled" Benjamin and Benjamin Franklin, had in his office a dealer from a little town up the State to whom he was selling some of his automobiles. The buyer was an exceedingly bright individual notwithstanding his affliction in the loss of one eye and his defective hearing. Further it was plain to be seen that the agent was a great admirer of Benjamin and was evidently buying from him more on that account than because he liked the vehicle. Ben was pouring his tale in the man's ear trumpet and was of course filling the trumpet with real air-cooled lore, although a man who was observing the incident with me declared that Benjamin was giving him great gobs of hot air. After completing the talk and getting the man's check, the latter's good eye sparkled as he turned to Benjamin and

observed: "Say, Ben, I hope these machines are better than those steamers you sold me a few years ago!"



IT is commonly believed that mineral oil is a modern product; that is that earth oil for illumination has come into use during the last century. Some even seem to think that John D. Rockefeller is the Alpha and Omega of the mineral oil business and that we are more or less indebted to John for the pleasures and comforts we enjoy in both an illuminating and an automobiling way. Oil is as old as the hills and I presume they are considerably older than the man who wrote Deuteronomy. In that book I find in the XXXII chapter, 13 verse the following:

"Oil out of the flinty rock," and then Job, who was not patient, says, in the XXIX chapter, 6 verse of the book supposed to have been written by him, while he was in a sanitarium, "And the rock poured me out rivers of oil"—no doubt Job needed some in his affliction; then again, Micah in the VI chapter, 7 verse, says: "Will the Lord be pleased with ten thousands of rivers of oil?" All of which might go to show that oil must have been an article of commerce in biblical times and that Micah was a sort of John Rockefeller because he wanted to control the whole thing.

That wise old Greek writer, Dioscorides, philosopher and botanist, at least two thousand years, said: "The people of Agrigentum save oil in pits and burn it in their lamps." Now fancy our ancestors, 'way this side of the simian period, in fact, but little over a hundred years ago, depending on tal-

low dips known as candles, because the proper use of a lamp was unknown to them when other people, at least two thousands years ago had lamps! You all know about the parable, told a little later than the Greek story, concerning the wise and foolish virgins some of whom had oil in their lamps and some of whom had not when they waited for the coming of the bridegroom.

All of this convinces me that we are not quite as original as we think we are and it is therefore quite possible that even the automobile, which we think so very modern, may have been in use back in the time of the Pharaohs; should any of those excavators in Palestine turn up an auto car with all the latest improvements on it, I hope that confronted with such testimony that even Charles E. Duryea will be satisfied that he did not build the first automobile, neither did the late Mr. Daimler.

SPEAKING of oil, it is no cinch that we will not be able to do without it in the near future, both as a producer of power and as an illuminant. Personally, I would like to see some sort of motor that would obviate the employment of gasolene and it is on the cards that the alcohol air-driven motor will be in sight within the next two or three years. But we can use oil as a dust layer, and employment of the oil sprinkler will be found to be a magnificent success so far as road improvement is concerned. Anything that will do away with the dust will be welcomed not only by automobilists, but by everyone who travels, whether they do so by walking, riding or driving. All of this prompts me to say that I have been told many times that the Standard Oil people have many prices for their products, including both gasolene and lubricating oil. In towns not ten miles apart the price per gallon varies all the way from two to ten cents and it is all

Standard Oil product. Now, if Mr. John D. Rockefeller will make the price of gasoline uniform and reasonably low, all will be well.

That aggressive young selling agent, Ralph Owen, of Cleveland, told me some time ago about a ride he gave John D. Rockefeller, whose home is in Cleveland, or, at least, one of his homes is. Mr. John D. Rockefeller thought he might have enough spare money to invest some of it in an Oldsmobile, not wishing to tackle a more expensive machine. In traveling through the Rockefeller grounds on the occasion of the demonstrating ride, Mr. Rockefeller turned to Mr. Owens and said: "Young man, I rather like this but how expensive is it to run?" Said Mr. Owens, "That all depends, Mr. Rockefeller, on the market price of gasoline." "Is that so?" quoth John D. with a smile.

THREE people on Broadway were discussing the free ride evil the other day with C. A. Duerr, of the Duerr-Ward Company. Now, Duerr is a sort of a lone "Sunny Jim" among an army of dolefuls, and no matter how things go, he always retains a perennial smile which has made his particular corner up on Broadway very attractive to the philosopher and the man in search of a remedy for the blues.

"How can you tell, Mr. Duerr," I said to him, "between real prospective purchasers and those who are merely seeking a ride and who have no intention of buying?" "Oh, I can tell them," quoth this modern Sunny Jim, "but you have to study on the matter quite a little before you get onto their curves, but after you do the batting out a home run is easy. Most of our wealthy automobilists will pay a hundred thousand dollars for a yacht and not make half the fuss about it that some of them do about buying a five thousand dollar automo-

bile. These gentlemen seem to feel sure that the man who builds their yacht knows more about boats than they do—but they never seem to think that the manufacturer of an automobile knows anything like as much as they do. Coming back, however, to the free ride man I will give you a kind of idea of the formula I employ in such a case.

"The other day a man telephoned me that he liked the Royal four cylinder car first rate, but he would like to have me take him out for an afternoon's run on Staten Island, when, if the car behaved as he thought it would, and as I said it would, he would buy it. Now, I had put a mental caliper on that man's conversation when he was in my store and I made up my mind that he was a free ride grafter. Probably I was the sixteenth man he had seen and the other fifteen had already given him free rides. Well, I answered his telephone talk with a mild suggestion that if he would deposit one hundred dollars with me, I would prove the car to be all I claimed and I would credit him with the hundred dollars if he bought the car; but, if the car did all I said it would and then he did not buy, he was to forfeit the hundred dollars he had deposited. From what I heard I am convinced that my talking customer was having a fit at the other end of the wire. When he came to a bit he spluttered that he would do nothing of the kind, so I told him I could not waste my time and gasoline on a man who would not put up a hundred dollars guarantee that he was not seeking to dispose of a load of auto gold bricks; that settled it. I do not believe that man had any more intention of buying a car than I have of buying a telescope to see what is going on in heaven above.

"Here's another sample of the genus grafter. A man came in here the other day, and, as he had been looking at the

two and four cylindered Royals and again took up the conversation about buying one of them, I made up my mind that here was a man who meant business. Said he, 'Mr. Duerr, I want to buy a car, and I am undecided between two cars and I will make up my mind which one of them I'll decide to take within a day or two.' I said to him, 'I know just what two cars you have in mind and can tell you what they are.' Looking very much surprised, he said, 'Now, what two cars am I thinking about?' I told him, 'You haven't made up your mind whether to buy a two or a four cylindered Royal.' 'You are right,' responded the man, 'you are a blooming mind reader,' and sure enough I got his order for the big car in a few days."

Just as some women are addicted to the habit of shopping, so are many alleged prospective buyers possessed of the irresistible desire to secure free automobile rides. They simply call on all the agents and get a number of interesting rides, learn a lot about automobiles from the eloquence wasted on them by the demonstrator and then are lost in the shuffle. This class of people help the business to the extent, however, of showing other people that a ride in an automobile is something so desirable that almost anything is fair to get one.

Out in Illinois, not many leagues from Chicago, is a little town suggestive of brilliancy from its name, Aurora. There are some charming people in that town, so a friend of mine from Chicago who visits lodges there tells me. Genius, I know, is there of full measure, the town being ably represented in that line by the Aurora Automatic Machinery Company, which is well and favorably known all over this country. The mechanical genius or geniuses of the firm, I be-

lieve, comes from the land of the midnight sun and like most graduates in an engineering way from that country, these Aurora men turn out some exceedingly clever devices which command attention and create confidence in their makers.

For motor cycling the Thor motor and the Thor fittings are recognized as a sort of A No. 1 Lloyds. The company is now marketing in their compensating sprocket what I believe will be a most important addition to automobile and motor cycle fittings. A good deal of trouble, especially with motor cycles, and I presume with chain driven automobiles also, is the breaking of chains, which comes as the result of the intense tortional strain on the chain through the sudden action of the engine. It is not pleasant to break a chain, even if you can repair it in one minute or in ten minutes, because in either event it means delay and more or less dirt to encounter, wherefore, I can see the dawn of a great demand for this Aurora equipment.

ONE of my readers, with a higher opinion of my ability and learning than I fear I am deserving of, writes me to place him right as to whether he "rides" or "drives" when he automobiles.

"Why is it," he asks, "considered incorrect to speak of 'riding' in a vehicle when no one really 'drives' except the person who holds the reins? Is it not 'riding' to be carried in a car, a boat, a balloon, or an automobile, and why not in a carriage? Must one necessarily be on the back of a beast to 'ride'?"

The answer, I should say, is that anybody who chooses to do so has all the right he needs for trying to establish an arbitrary distinction between "ride" and "drive," and that, if he gets enough people to fall in with the usage

he likes it will in time receive the recognition of the dictionary makers, and become "proper." The attempt to restrict "riding" to that done on the backs of horses, as opposed to the "driving" done from a vehicle behind them, has been in progress for some years, but it has succeeded only among those who take the use of horses very seriously and have little else to think about.

The vast majority of those who speak English use the two words practically as synonyms when a conveyance is involved, and "riding" rather oftener than "driving." The man on horseback, however, always "rides," whether he is or isn't fussy about the terms, which gives something of an excuse for drawing a hard and fast line. Some keepers of livery stables, it is said, take it that a patron who indicates a desire to take a "ride" expects a driver to be supplied as well as a horse and carriage, while he indicates the intention of holding the reins himself if the announced purpose is to "take a drive."

That introduces another complication in the problem.

Not much light is to be derived from the history of the two words, as both are older than either the riding or driving of horses as now understood. "Drive" seems originally to have implied more of activity than "ride," but the difference even in that respect has always been slight, and both of the words have such a multiplicity of meanings that the task of giving definiteness to either of them is almost hopeless—and it's getting harder every day. My own impression is that the automobilist both rides in his machine and drives it, and that what he does can be named according to individual taste or convenience—so long as he does not run afoul of Jersey constables or New York stone-throwing "infants."



ASIDE from the shot the embattled farmers fired and which was heard around the world, I really don't know of any action on the part of the rural gentlemen in a public way which has commended them to my notice as gentlemen upon whom it was wise to pin one's faith when it comes to a matter of doing the right thing at the right time. Less likely are the ruralites to get right when it comes to all things appertaining to the construction, maintenance and use of roads than anything else. When, therefore, I read that under the belief that public highways can be improved for \$100 per mile as good as the new State roads, costing from \$2,000 to \$4,000 per mile, the farmers of the town of Wallkill, N. Y., have effected an organization whereby they will compete with the present builders of the new State roads, I hope it is all right, but I doubt it.

OWNERS of auto boats or "aquamobiles," as they are more popularly called, have been puzzled for some time for an appropriate name to give the man in charge. On an automobile he is a chauffeur, but that wouldn't do for a boat. A wag recently suggested "seaffeur." The owner, then, is not a yachtsman, but an autonautique, though there are not lacking those who think the newcomer is a nuisance, nothing less. Dealing with this new half brother of the automobile, the speed launch, reminds me that its entry to the realm of sport has been marked by the finest display of four-flushing I ever saw. The papers have for months been filled with challenges, impossible speed claims, bombastic proclamations and what not, but of actual performances those who have made the most noise

have not a single thing to show. It is up to the shouters either to make their deeds match their boasts or continuing to fail in doing so to let us all have a rest. In the meantime the horse marine, to whom all tall stories were formerly told, is rapidly being supplanted by the horseless marine, who tell the stories to and of himself.

It is always wise, when imparting information which smacks of instruction in an advertisement, to flatter the reader by leading him to infer that you feel that he knows what you are imparting, but that your object is to inform the general public, which is not as thoroughly posted on automobiling as you know this especial reader to be.

THE non-stop run has reached this side of the Atlantic. It originated, I believe, in England, and the first I heard of it was when my friend Arthur DeCros wrote me from London telling me about his non-stop run with a Panhard from Lands End to John O'Groats. Then S. F. Edge jumped in, and after him there came a few other people who have attempted which seems to me a meaningless performance as far as proving the value of an automobile and its ability is concerned. I would rather, if I was purchasing an automobile, be sure that the engine would carry me safely up a grade or over a reasonable distance in a certain time, than I would to know the engine could run 1,000 years without stopping, so long as it accomplished the every day task, which every manufacturer should guarantee it to do, and any reasonable purchaser expects it to do, that would be enough for me.

During the last few days an importer of a French automobile, with one of his employees, both chronic sufferers from an incurable thirst for some free advertising, have been filling the papers with

the story of a 1,000 miles non-stop run they claimed to be making, but as their arrangements did not seem to me to provide for either reliable or responsible checking of the performance, I am inclined to think that the "record" claimed will be valueless, as the importer in question will certainly need very convincing evidence of a reliable nature, other than his claims, to bolster up any "records" he may make, since it was only the other day I read a scathing comment by Judge Holt, of the United States District Court, who, in dealing with a patent suit which had been brought before him, referred to this importer in the following language: "Is a man not only without any scientific education, but without even the ordinary electrical knowledge of a skilled electrical mechanic. In short, I cannot avoid the conclusion that he deliberately fabricated an instrument to be used upon this and trials involving Weston patents."

The learned judge then commended the man in question and two of his employees to the attention of the District Attorney, looking towards an indictment for perjury, climaxing the whole thing by granting a perpetual injunction against the party in question. You can readily understand why I say that under such a condition of affairs people will want other evidence than that provided by the importer in question before even he could expect them to believe his unsupported claims for a non-stop or any other performance.

ON June 17 France came into her own again. Better still, she came to it through defeating Germans over German roads. Could any Frenchman ask more than that? Five times has the International Cup Race been won and three times has France been the winner, Great Britain and Germany

having won once each. The history of automobiling is almost written in the summary of this contest, which follows:

Year.	Winner.	Machine.	Course.	Distance. Miles.	Time. H. M. S.
1900—France, M. Charron.....	Panhard.....	Paris-Lyons.....	351½	9 09 00	
1901—France, M. Girardot.....	Panhard.....	Paris-Bordeaux.....	348	9 00 00	
1902—England, F. S. Edge.....	Napier.....	Paris-Innsbruck.....	383	10 00 00	
1903—Germany, M. Jenatzy.....	Mercedes.....	Irish Circuit.....	368½	6 36 00	
1904—France, M. Thery.....	Richard-Brasier.....	Homburg Circuit.....	348	5 50 03	

In the race just run the greatest number of countries ever represented, six, with a total of eighteen cars, competed, so France's victory is all the more creditable and decisive. Of all the countries in which automobiling flourishes, America alone was without representation in the contest. The reasons for this failure of America is now too old a story to need either mention or explanation here.

The teams of eight nations originally were entered, but the withdrawal of the American and Swiss entries left as actual starters six teams of three contestants each. These were:

German.—M. Jenatzy (Mercedes), Baron de Caters (Mercedes), Fritz Opel (Darracq).

French.—M. Thery (Richard-Brasier), M. Salleron (Mors), M. Rougier (Turcat-Mery).

British.—S. F. Edge (Napier), Sidney Girling (Wolseley), Charles Jarrott (Wolseley).

Austrian.—Herr Werner (Mercedes), Herr Braun (Mercedes), Mr. Warden (Mercedes).

Italian.—Signor Lancia (F. I. A. T.), Signor Storiero (F. I. A. T.), Signor Cagno (F. I. A. T.).

Belgian.—M. Augieres (Pipe), M. Gueters (Pipe), Baron P. de Crawhez (Pipe).

The numbers of teams, their order of starting and colors were:

Germany.—1, 8, 14. White.

England.—2, 9, 15. Green.

Austria.—3, 10, 16. Black and yellow.

Italy.—4, 11, 17. Black.

France.—5, 12, 18. Blue.

Belgium.—6, 13, 19. Yellow.

The only American in the race was Mr. Warden, who drove a Mercedes car on the Austrian team.

The race was run over a circuit of German roads in and around Saalburg. The circuit had to be covered four times, making the total distance of the race 348 miles. The winner was L. Thery, of the French team, who drove an 85 H.P. Richard-Brosier car the full distance in 5h., 50m., .03s., thus averaging close to sixty miles per hour for each of the virtually six hours he was in the race. Germany came second and third, with M. Jenatzy, Mercedes, in 6h., 1m., 21s., and Baron de Caters, Mercedes, in 6h. 46m., 31s.

It would have been a pleasure for me to close this summary of a great event with an "I told you so," but unfortunately in the present instance I do not seem to shine in the role of a successful prophet, so I have to content myself with recording the facts, leaving the crowing to others, if others there are, who foresaw the results more correctly than I did.

IN the selling of gold bricks there is no end to the variety of methods pursued, though occasionally there is a sudden and unexpected fall down when the seller expects the buyer to make the exchange of the real for the imitation.

I just had this idea in my mind when I began writing this item concerning the hitch in the merger negotiations between the American Motor League and the American Automobile Association, but I don't want

you for an instant to think there is the slightest connection between the two things for there is not. To straighten the matter out in a non-technical matter of fact way I want you to review this whole affair with me. The American Motor League is not only the oldest association of automobilists in America, but it is also the oldest national organization of its kind in the entire world, so it was but according to ethics that any proposition of amalgamation with any other organization should come from the new comer in the field, not from the A. M. L. Hence when the American Automobile Association sought to merge with the Motor League the proposition to confer with that end in view was accepted by the A. M. L. and the premier association found in Messrs. Scarrett, Farson and Farrington a committee which was thoroughly representative of all that is best in automobilism. After many conferences a basis for amalgamation was arrived at by the two committees, was submitted to the members of the two associations and practically unanimously approved thereby.

According to the articles of merger, as ratified by the members of both organizations, a joint committee consisting of two members from each organization was to formulate a constitution and by-laws for the new organization, which constitution and by-laws was to be turned over to a newly provided for board of governors, consisting of ten members from each of the combining organizations. When the constitution and by-law committee met it was found that the half of it representing the A. A. A. was not a committee in fact but merely representatives of the A. A. A. definitely instructed and limited both as to power and action. Under such unusual conditions a favorable result was hardly to be hoped for. The unexpected did not happen. When that portion of the

constitution and by-laws was reached wherein the rights of members to representation at the meetings of the national organization and in the election of the national officers was set forth, the representatives of the A. A. A. announced they were under instructions which prevented their considering any plan which did not call for the right only of club members to be represented by proxies in the main body. Individual members were to have the privilege of attending personally, at their own expense, if they wished to vote, or of joining a club or of being left entirely without any voice in the election of officers or the policy of the amalgamated association. The A. M. L. representatives showed how unjust and undemocratic this was. They cited the case of an A. M. L. member resident in Hawaii, and asked how he was to constitute himself into a club or to be expected to travel four or five thousand miles at a great expenditure of time and money, just to vote. But it was all to no avail. The A. A. A. representatives had no power to consider, report on or recommend anything which gave the non-club man any right in the organization other than to pay his money and take in return for it any treatment the organization might see fit to provide for him. In plain English, it came down to a proposition to make the new organization a close corporation, governed by a few men who are virtually self-perpetuating in office or to make it a broad, thoroughly American, organization in which every member had the same rights as every other. The instructed representatives of the A. A. A. were not permitted by their appointment to consider any proposition which granted equal franchise rights to all members of the proposed amalgamated association. The A. M. L. representatives would consider nothing which de-

prived a single member of equal representation in the councils and the formulating of the policies of the new organization, hence the only result was an *em passe*.

The result is unfortunate in every way. The automobilists of America more than any other class of sportsmen are sorely in need of a strong, powerful, well organized, aggressive national body, capable and willing of defending the automobilist, no matter where he is. In place of this we now have two organizations, one based upon the proper spirit and the proper lines for an ideal national body, the other upon foreign lines, sentimental ideas and impracticable notions and taxation without representation. It is not difficult to say which organization will and should triumph in the end; that is absolutely certain, but, in the meantime—well, the poor automobilist he'll pay the fiddler, the legislators, the police and the magistrates will make him dance, and the only ones who will be benefited will be those whose profit and pleasure it is to make the use of an automobile as dangerous, annoying and expensive as possible. But you say, will the automobilists be fools enough to let the present unsatisfactory condition of affairs continue? Get your answer from their past and their present action in the matter, and hope for something better in the near future. That's what I'm doing, thank you.

THERE has been something pretty close to a famine in good automobiles this season. Agents have sold more of the reliable makes of automobiles than they could get from the factories to deliver, with the unusual result that both buyers and sellers have with one voice complained solely because business has been too good, where the vehicles sold were good. There can, however, be no scene so bright that

there are no shadows, so amid this all pervading brightness in the automobile trade there must be at least one concern which feels the pinch through having lost the public's confidence with the result that the public has not bought as liberally of the concern's vehicles as the concern itself would like to have them do. As I write this item there is before me as proof of all this a letter which I assume, from the fact it is an imitation typewritten affair and addressed to a little newspaper in an interior State, the directory rating of whose daily circulation is 1,000 copies and less per day, must be only one of a great number the writers have sent out, which makes the following interesting admissions and assertions:

Cleveland, O., June 1, 1924.

Gentlemen: We desire to change our advertising plans somewhat during the 1925 season and, instead of engaging in an exclusive monthly periodical campaign, wish to use daily newspaper space extensively.

The past season's general advertising has brought us a good many inquiries from your territory, but it has not given us the "follow-up" and "hammering-in" value we might expect from daily newspaper service.

During the 1925 season we wish to use about \$1,000 worth of your space. We therefore propose to sell you now one of our standard completely equipped touring cars, price \$2,500 F.O.B. Cleveland (illustrated and described in catalogue sent you this day, under separate cover) and in payment accept from you \$1,500 in cash and due bill for \$1,000 advertising.

If you do not desire this car for yourself you could doubtless transfer it to advantage.

We desire to begin advertising in

"The ————" about October of this year and continue it through 1905.

Please do us the favor of an immediate reply.

Yours truly,

The ——— Motor Carriage Co.

——— Gen'l Sales Mgr.

I suppose it is not necessary to tell you what has happened to this concern, nor what its future prospects are when, to get rid of its product, it has fine tooth combed the newspaper publishers to the extent shown by the sending of this letter to a little paper with a circulation of less than a thousand copies.

THANKS to the excellent example of official representatives of the National Association of Automobile Manufacturers and other free advertising seekers the gentlemen amateurs have now got fairly started in the "record" game between New York and Boston, and the new comers are proving themselves just as expert at the game as the N. A. A. M. introducers. While the professional and official introducers of the reprehensible practice were content to cut each other's "records" by an hour or so, the amateur looks upon this as something away beneath his ability and hence the announcement that one of them has broken all records and all laws between New York and Boston, and done the whole thing in two hours less time than any other lawbreaker ever succeeded in doing it. I do not know when this officially introduced law defiance is to receive even the mild reproof of a warning from the controlling bodies of the trade and sport, but I do know it should be immediately. While this is withheld the public has every right, knowing who its introducers were, to suppose that the practice has the sanction of the N. A. A. M. and the amateur organizations. While this denial is withheld the "record mak-

ing" continues in the daily papers, with the result that decent, law-abiding automobilists are held up all along the New York to Boston race track and made to pay extortionate fines as the direct result of the public feeling against automobilists directly traceable to the "record" breakers' wanton and open defiance of the laws of decency, common sense, safety and good breeding.

THAT you may not think I am exaggerating the trouble caused by this "record" making, I quote from an interview in the *Globe* with the amateur who claims to have lowered the "professional" record between New York and Boston the following very instructive admissions:

"I made turns that were hair raisers, throwing my man again and again from his seat to the floor of the car. Although at times in unfrequented districts I let her out at eighty miles to the hour, I saw no time when I feared any consequences from this sort of driving. Again and again my speedometer showed sixty miles to the hour, and it is reliable. The time might be improved and I may try it, but not now, for any one who goes through that country now is going to get caught as sure as fate. The constables were laying for me as it was."

From this you will see the "record" breaker publicly boasts of his reckless disregard for all laws, civil and otherwise, and also gives notice that the result of his doing so is the certain arrest of anyone who may go over the same route. Well, what's going to be done about it? An officer of the Manufacturers' Association started the affair and nothing was done to him by his fellows; now a prominent member of the A. C. A. jumps into the game and goes on record in the public prints as having broken all various ordinances, State, municipal and

county, so it remains to be seen if the foremost club in America will carry out a promise it once made to expel any of its members who should willfully and openly violate the speed ordinances. Here is the opportunity for the A. C. A. to show it is made of better stuff than the N. A. A. M.; it is also a splendid chance for it to demonstrate that it isn't a bit different from the manufacturers in promising much and performing little. It is an easy guess what the club will do, you know and so do I, but let's give it a chance to act before we chorus "Didn't I tell you?"

THE editor of the *Globe*, a paper which is unusually fair and well posted in all things connected with automobiling, thus editorializes upon the outrage:

"Automobilists seeking explanation of the popular prejudice against their favorite method of locomotion should cease their applause of Mr. Harkness long enough to consider certain things connected with his remarkable achievement. Mr. Harkness, it appears, covered the 234 miles between Boston and New York in 6 hours and 55 minutes, which is 1 hour and 53 minutes less than the previous fastest time between the two places. The average speed, including two break-downs and several delays, was 36.72 miles an hour. The average running speed, not counting stops, was 45 miles an hour. Over certain down-grade stretches of road, the speedometer indicated a rate of 80 miles. In such manner was a huge machine, whose impact would have killed a dozen men, hurled through the air. So did Mr. Harkness rip through Worcester and Springfield and along the country highways which were carrying their Sunday burden of miscellaneous vehicles. It is set down as a special triumph of the daring chauffeur that he evaded the po-

lice along the route and escaped punishment for fracturing the laws of half a hundred cities and towns. Rock-throwing is, of course, to be reprobated, and the rock-thrower caught at his hoodlum practices is to be sternly punished. On the other hand, it would seem as if greater respect for law might profitably be stimulated among automobile owners. We are compelling the railroads to spend millions to elevate or depress their tracks so as to avoid even crossing a highway. Are machines which are almost as heavy as locomotives to be allowed to go along the highways at a speed equaling that of a railroad train? One of these days an automobilist will be indicted and convicted of murder unless among automobilists themselves a saner spirit is developed."

If the successful and safe management of an automobile depended upon nothing more than the pressing of certain buttons and the pulling of certain levers, the number of its enemies would be lessened to such a degree as to make them practically nil. The truth is, however, that brains, courage, equanimity, and mental poise enter into the question of properly guiding and managing the vehicle much more importantly than does mere familiarity with buttons and levers. Anybody can actuate the mechanism which automatically starts or stops the machine. Anybody can control the appliance which governs its direction. But this is not all, nor yet a fraction of it. This touches only the most superficial and elementary aspects of the problem, and because it does the many intelligent and careful operators who know this are constantly misjudged through the antics of those whose knowledge of a motor and its management has never progressed beyond the button-pressing-lever-moving stage.

While on a train, marooned by a flood, in the West recently I observed one of the Pullman passengers who later, I learned, was a railroad engineer from Davenport, Iowa, reading one of the monthly magazines. He was very intently studying a page advertisement of one of the popular makes of automobiles. On getting acquainted with him later I put the question to him as to what effect such an advertisement had on his mind, and asked him if reading it would cause him to buy an automobile. The man at once said, "No, it would not." But he did say, however, that the advertisement might cause him to look into the automobile question, but that before he made up his mind to buy an automobile he would first read automobile class journalism. Incidentally he remarked that a bank cashier friend of his in Davenport was a subscriber to THE AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE; that he had read it, and would read it further, and possibly make use of its Information Bureau before he decided to buy. Now I want to be frank and fair. For that reason I have given the general magazine credit for interesting this particular reader, and I even hope that it is a sample of the good work all such mediums do for the advertiser, though I doubt it.

The late Chief Devery was wont in his happier moments to hold forth upon the inadvisability of squealing when you were "caught with the goods on you." While I am not prepared to endorse all of Mr. Devery's ideas of propriety, I am a firm believer in the correctness of this particular opinion of his, and I would recommend a very careful consideration of it to a gentleman now under suspension by the A. A. A. Racing Board. The chief excuse this suspended one offers for his open and continued defiance of the board is that he "needed the money very badly." If that was a valid excuse

Sing Sing wouldn't have inmates enough to play a game of base ball.

The builder of advertisements who simply writes will never make much of a success. He must be able to discover quickly the talking points of the vehicle or equipment he is hired to increase the sale of. He must be able to elicit from the business the interesting facts about the business—the facts that the public would like to hear—the facts the telling of which will create the desire for purchasing. After you have found out what you really want to say, the battle is two-thirds won.

Manufacturers cannot learn too much about advertising. If you are too busy with other branches to attend to your advertising yourself, the more you know about advertising and its methods and results the better you will be able to judge the ability of the advertising man you employ, and the results of his work.

Quite a large percentage of the failures in advertising are due to the fact that the advertiser started in too heavy and got out of his depth before he had learned how to swim. All the big advertisers of to-day began cautiously and worked their way gradually to the surface, then stayed there by continuous advertising.

One way to get people to remember the vehicle you build is to fail to give satisfaction. A displeased customer will never either forget you or your car.

Don't confine your description of your vehicles to the statement that they are "the best"—let your ads tell why they are worth purchasing.

Plain type, plain arguments, plain prices and plain honesty make up the plain road to automobile advertising success.

THE SENATOR.